

2ND. COPY.

MAY 14 1898

TWO COPIES RECEIVED.

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED  
JOURNAL OF

ART LITERATURE &  
CURRENT EVENTS



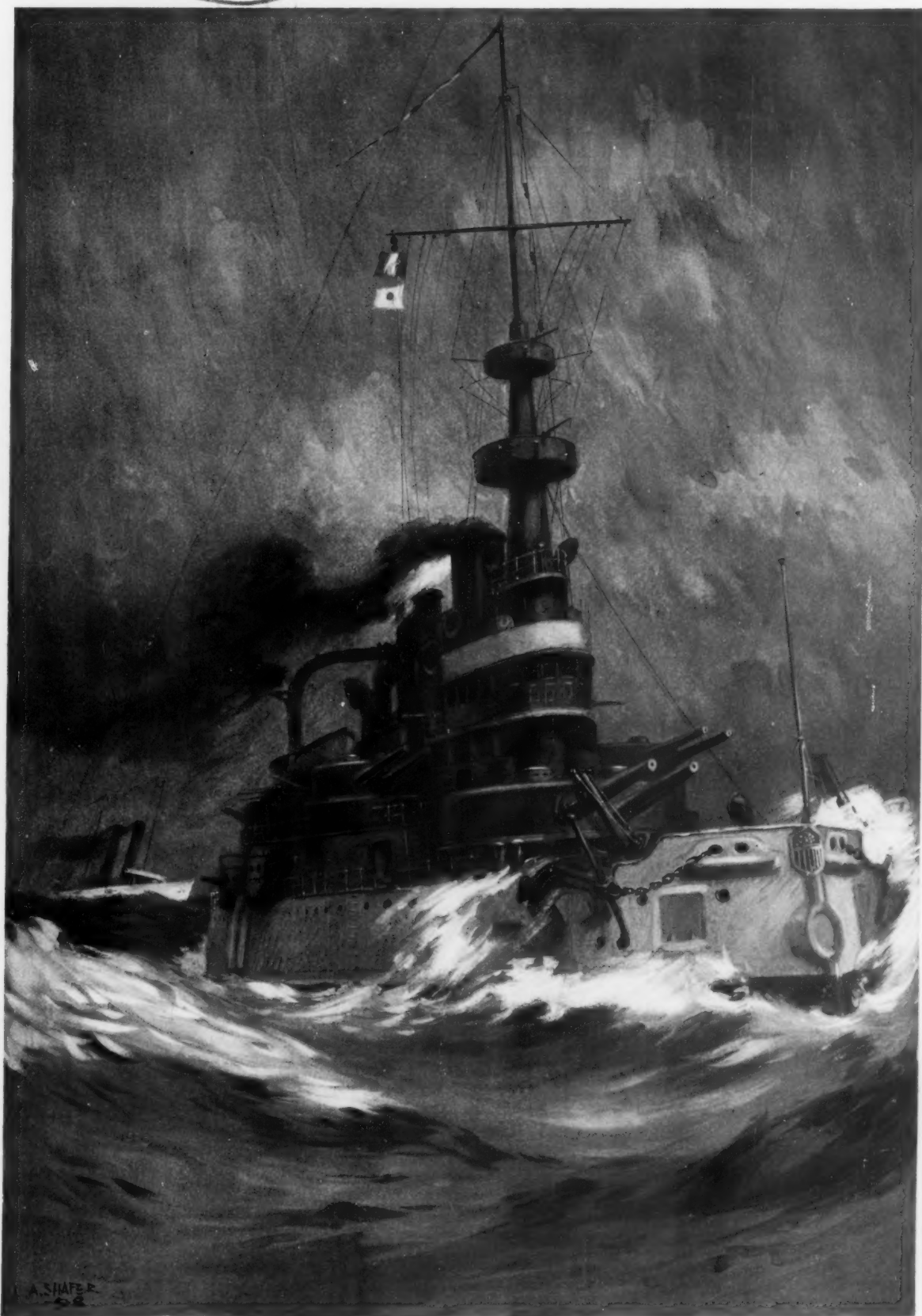
COPYRIGHT 1898 BY PETER FENELON COLLIER ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

VOL TWENTY-ONE NO 6

MAY 14 1898

NEW YORK MAY 14 1898

PRICE TEN CENTS



## RACING HOMEWARD

U. S. BATTLESHIP "OREGON" AND HER CONSORT, THE "MARIETTA," NOW ON THEIR WAY FROM RIO DE JANEIRO

(Drawn by L. A. SHAFER)

## COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF ART LITERATURE  
AND CURRENT EVENTS

SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS

EDITORIAL AND GENERAL OFFICES

521-547 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET :: 518-524 WEST FOURTEENTH STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

MANUSCRIPT CONTRIBUTIONS

The Editor will not hold himself responsible for return of unsolicited manuscripts unaccompanied by stamped addressed envelopes. He will, however, do all in his power to read and, if unavailable, return manuscripts sent him for consideration. Authors are requested to address letters in reference to rejected contributions to

THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

NEW YORK MAY FOURTEENTH 1898

## THE SEA-FIGHT

*"Hush, sprinkle the deck with sand!"*—S. R. ELLIOTT

## I

NEARER the dark ships draw together, like birds of prey,  
Nearer and nearer we circle and wheel, ere we close for the  
fray!  
They should be friends, who shall meet on the desolate waste of  
the deep—  
Friends! from the throats of our giant guns our welcome shall  
leap,  
Yours be not slow to reply; and, at length, we shall under-  
stand!

*(Hush, sprinkle the deck with sand!)*

## II

How fair is the dawn of the day, how calm is the measureless  
sea!  
Is there anywhere token of pity or foresight of horror to-be?  
Soon, on the flash, shall follow the thunder's reverberant tread,  
Soon, ah, how soon, O my comrades, the crest of the wave shall  
blush red!  
But we—we are trimmed for the fight, and ready we wait the  
command!

*(Hush, sprinkle the deck with sand!)*

## III

Here, when we fall, O my comrades, under the shattering fire,  
Here on no tender sward the flickering life shall expire;  
Here shall no soothing murmur from forest or farmland be  
borne,  
Speeding the soul with a dream out of Childhood dreaming at  
morn;  
But afar we shall die from the mothering Earth and our own  
native Land.

*(Hush, sprinkle the deck with sand!)*

## IV

Lest in the welter of blood one should fall on the slippery floor,  
The avid dust shall drink the costly libation we pour!  
Is it dust from the shores of home?—we will slake its thirst with  
a will;  
Each drop as it mingles therewith, shall be conscious of fealty  
still!  
Sworn were we ever to this—now the hour and the test are at  
hand!

*(So! sprinkle the deck with sand!)*

EDITH M. THOMAS.

West New Brighton Staten Island, May 3, 1898.

## THE BATTLE OF MANILA

ANOTHER great naval battle has been won by American sailors. Another brilliant victory will illumine the pages of our history. Another name is carved in the "Temple of Fame."

Commodore Dewey's triumph in the East, meager as are the details at the moment of going to press, is destined to add luster to our small but peerless navy. It not only places the valiant commander-in-chief side by side with Nelson, Perry, and Farragut, but wins for his country a well-merited position among the sea Powers of the world. As an evidence of what a fearless, dashing seaman, unfettered with red tape, may accomplish, it is a lesson that should be long remembered.

Lord Howard avoided a general engagement with the "Invincible Armada"—Nelson lured the enemy into the open sea—Perry lay close on to friendly havens—and Farragut had a nearby base; but Dewey, with a hostile fort before him and the trackless ocean behind, issued a challenge that meant Victory and Glory or Defeat and Annihilation. In the darkness of a Tropic night, he steamed boldly into a harbor planted with submarine mines, and the first streaks of dawn showed his vessels arrayed in line of battle before the enemy. To the east lay the Spanish fleet, numerically four times greater than his own, under cover of the Fortress of Cavite and the batteries of the Arsenal of Manila. To the south frowned the guns of Corregidor and Cabilla. Whatever advantage he may have possessed, owing to superiority of ships and armament, was more than outweighed by the conditions that surrounded him. There was another and a greater factor, however, which the Spaniards had not deemed worthy of consideration—the men behind the guns.

The battle began shortly after daybreak on Sunday, May 1, as the cathedral bells of sleeping Manila were bidding the women to the early mass. Cavite first opened fire at long range, followed by the heavy guns of the enemy's fleet. The flagship "Olympia" immediately made signal to the American ships "Draw closer to the shore and commence firing"; and then, steaming around in that fatal ellipse, which Dupont employed to reduce the Port Royal forts in 1861, Dewey began a terrific cannonading. He paid little or no attention to the shore batteries, determined to first destroy the Spanish vessels. For several hours dense clouds of smoke enveloped both fleets, and the roar of guns, the shriek of projectiles, the crashing of steel, and the groans of the wounded echoed across the waters of the bay. The "Don Juan de Austria," a Spanish cruiser of 1,100 tons, was the first victim. A well-directed shot from the main battery of the American flagship pierced her iron sides and blew up the magazine. No "Board of Inquiry" was needed to ascertain whether this explosion was produced by external or internal causes.

At nine o'clock Commodore Dewey, it is stated, retired to the western side of the bay—some say to repair his vessels, others to land the wounded. At all events, he returned to the conflict within a short time, and engaged the enemy at closer quarters. During this action, though the shore batteries kept up a steady and concentrated fire, the heavy guns of the American ships were used with deadly effect. As the smoke lifted it was seen that the Spanish flagship "Reina Christina" and the cruiser "Castilla" were both on fire. Admiral Montojo then shifted his flag to the "Isla de Cuba," from the deck of which he directed the fighting of his vessels. Within a half-hour, the cruisers "Don Antonio de Ulloa" and "Mindanao" were riddled and rendered helpless. Soon the guns of the other and smaller vessels of the Spanish fleet were silenced, and those not entirely destroyed were run ashore or scuttled to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.

As soon as the fate of the fleet was settled, the American commodore turned his attention to the shore batteries, against which he maintained a steady fire. This terrific bombardment soon silenced them, and the battle of Manila, the greatest fought under modern conditions, passed into history.

Until the official report of Commodore Dewey is made, it is impossible to state either the damage to the American fleet or the loss of life; and in the absence of full details it would be useless to attempt to show what effect the engagement may have upon naval warfare. The Spaniards are said to have had four hundred killed and wounded; among the former was the captain of the flagship "Reina Christina."

The vessels present or taking part in the action were, on the American side, the protected cruisers "Olympia," "Baltimore," and "Raleigh," the partially protected cruiser "Boston," the gunboats "Concord" and "Petrel," the revenue cutter "McCulloch," the collier "Zafiro," and the storeship "Fanshaw." On the Spanish side were the protected cruisers "Isla de Cuba" and "Isla de Luzon," the cruisers "Reina Christina," "Castilla," "Velasco," "Don Antonio de Ulloa," and "Mindanao," the gunboats "Quiros" and "Villalobos," eight other gunboats similar to the "Quiros," and ten others of a smaller size. The displacement of the American ships was 20,760 tons, the guns were 66, the heaviest being of 8-inch caliber, of which there were 10, and the men numbered 1,900. The displacement of the Spanish vessels (including all) was 17,504 tons, the guns were 53, the largest being of 6-inch caliber, of which there were 13, and the men numbered 1,500.



## VOLUNTEERS AND THE MILITIA

THE militia have been subjected to quite a storm of criticism from some quarters because they were not unanimously in favor of responding to the President's call for volunteers. The criticism, it seems to us, is misdirected. The obligations incurred by a militiaman are primarily to repress insurrection and repel invasion. They are obligations for the fulfillment of which he is responsible to the State that clothes and arms him. It is in a secondary sense and for purposes purely defensive that the Federal Government may call upon him as a militiaman.

That this was clearly understood is proved by the nature of the President's proclamation. It was a call for *volunteers*, not a constitutional requisition upon the militia, and each militiaman who responded did so in his individual capacity, willfully abrogating the conditions under which as a militiaman he had agreed to serve.

The objection to which various regiments have given voice, that in losing their regimental identity for the purpose of volunteering they would be also losing sight of the conditions governing the allegiance to the State, and thereby furthering a purpose foreign to their organization, seems to us, in certain cases, well taken. Without doubt, it is the duty of a militiaman to stand ready to volunteer at his country's call, but he should not be expected to doff, in a moment, the uniform of the State he serves and which may require his services at home, as long as there are thousands of able-bodied men willing and anxious to enlist as volunteers.

On the other hand, the dissatisfaction that seems to obtain in some regiments, when called upon to serve under regular army officers, is not only indefensible, it is wholly subversive of the true spirit of discipline and loyalty. Distinction should therefore be made between the regiments which did not volunteer from motives manly and sufficient, and those which stayed at home because of petty jealousy or mistaken pride.

## MRS. JOHNSON

BY ALICE MEYNELL



HIS column shall not be headed "Tetty." What is a graceful enough freedom with the wives of other men shall be prohibited in the case of *his*, with whose name no writer until now has scrupled to take freedoms that had nothing of grace about them. "Tetty" it shall not be, if for no other reason, for this—that the chance of heading the column "Tetty" is a kind of journalistic opportunity. It shall be denied. Journalism and the essay owe thus much amends to Dr. Johnson's wife. But, indeed, the reason is graver. What wish would he have had but that the language in the making whereof he took no ignoble part should somewhere, at some time, treat his only friend with ordinary honor?

Many who would trust Dr. Johnson with their own orthodoxy, with their own vocabulary, and with the most intimate vanity of their human wishes, refuse, with every mark of insolence, to trust him in regard to his own wife. On that one point no reverence, no respect, not even the credit which is due to our common sanity. Yet he is not reviled on account of his Thrale—nor, indeed, is his Thrale seriously reproached for her Piozzi. It is true that Macaulay, preparing himself and his reader "in his well-known way" (as some of Mr. Hardy's rustics would say) for the recital of her second marriage, avers that it would have been well if she had been laid beside the kind and generous Thrale when he left her a comparatively young widow. But Macaulay's well-known way was to exhaust the possibilities of effect in which the commonplace is so rich. And he is generally allowed to make his paragraphs as he will, not only by calling Mrs. Thrale's attachment for her second husband a "degrading passion," but by summoning a chorus of "all London." She fled, he tells us, from the laughter and hisses of her countrymen and countrywomen to a land where she was unknown. So when Macaulay chastises Mrs. Elizabeth Porter for marrying Johnson, by whom he was beloved to the end, he is not inconsistent; for he pursues Mrs. Thrale with equal rigor for her audacity in keeping gayety and grace in her mind and manners longer than Macaulay cared to see them kept.

But it is not so with succeeding essayists. One of these minor biographers is so gentle as to call the attachments of Mrs. Thrale and Piozzi "a mutual affection." He adds, "No one who has had some experience of life will be inclined to condemn Mrs. Thrale." But there is no such courtesy, even from him, for Mrs. Johnson. Neither to him nor to any other writer has it yet occurred that if England loves her great Englishmen she owes not only courtesy, but gratitude, to the only woman who loved him. Not a thought of that debt has stayed the alacrity with which a caricature has been acclaimed as the only possible portrait of Mrs. Johnson. Garrick's school reminiscences would probably have made a much more charming woman grotesque. Garrick is quite welcome to his remembrances; we may even reserve for ourselves the liberty of envying those who heard him. But honest laughter should not fall into that tone of common antithesis which seems to say, "See what are the absurdities of the great. Such is life. On this one point we,

even we, are wiser than Dr. Johnson—we know how grotesque was his wife. We know all about her paint. We are able to compare her figure with the figures we, unlike him, have had the opportunity of admiring—the figures of the well-bred and well-dressed." It is a sorry success to be able to say so much.

But in fact such a triumph belongs to no man. When Samuel Johnson, at twenty-six, married his wife, he gave the dull an advantage over himself which none but the dullest will take. He chose, for love, a woman who had the wit to admire him at the first meeting and in spite of first sight. "That," she said to her daughter, "is the most sensible man I ever met." He was penniless. She had what was no mean portion for those times and those conditions; and, granted that she was affected, and provincial, and short, and all the rest of it, she was probably not without suitors. Her defects, or faults, do not seem to have been those of an unadmired or neglected woman. Then remember what Johnson was like, even in his twenties, and how he would have impressed the senses of an ordinary widow fond of externals. She loved him, accepted him, made him happy, gave to one of the noblest of all English hearts the one love of its somber life. And English literature has no better phrase for her than Macaulay's—"She accepted, with a readiness which did her little honor, the addresses of a suitor who might have been her son."

Her readiness did her incalculable honor. But it is at least worth remembering that Johnson had first done her incalculable honor. No one has given to man or woman the right to judge as to the worthiness of her who received it. The meanest man is generally allowed his own counsel as to his own wife. One of the greatest of men has been denied it. "The lover," says Macaulay, "continued to be under the illusions of the wedding day till the lady died." What is so graciously said is not enough. He was under those illusions until he, too, died, when he had long passed her latest age, and was therefore able to set right that balance of years which has so much irritated the impertinent. Johnson passed from this life twelve years older than she, and so for twelve years his constant eyes had to turn backward to look at her. Time gave him a younger wife.

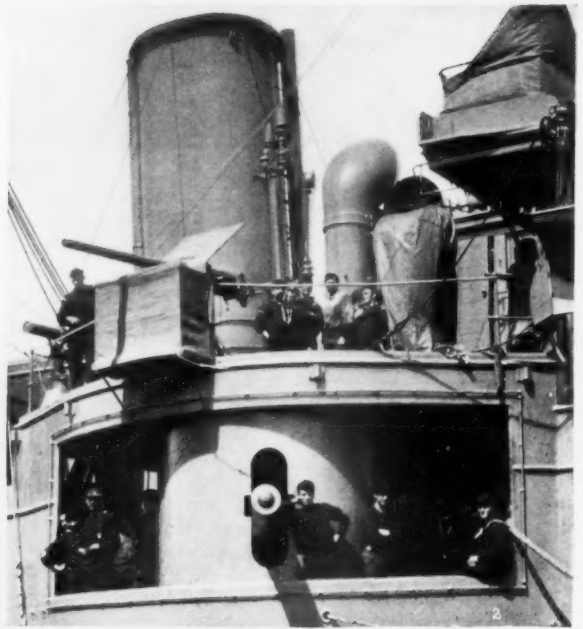
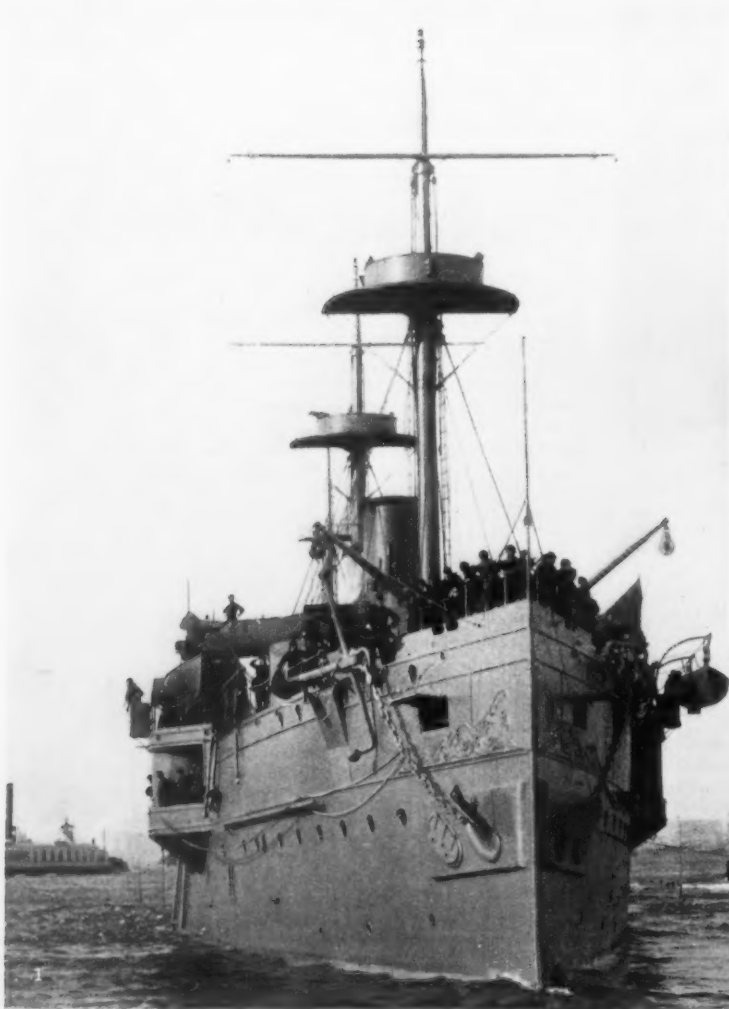
Macaulay, in his unerring effectiveness, uses Johnson's short sight for an added affront to Mrs. Johnson. The bridegroom was too weak of eyesight "to distinguish ceruse from natural bloom." Nevertheless, he saw well enough, when he was old, to distinguish Mrs. Thrale's dresses. He reproved her for wearing a dark dress; it was unsuitable, he said, for her size; a little creature should have gay colors "like an insect." We are not called upon to admire his wife; why, then, being uncompromised, do we not let him admire her? It is the most gratuitous kind of intrusion. The intrusion is so gross that the biographers are eager to permit the touch of romance and grace in his relations to Mrs. Thrale, which they officiously deny in the case of Mrs. Johnson. But the difference is all on the other side. He would not have bidden his wife dress like an insect. Mrs. Thrale was to him "the first of womankind" only because his wife was dead.

Beaulere, we learn, used to cap Garrick's mimicry of Johnson's lovemaking by repeating the words of Johnson himself in after-years, "It was a love-match on both sides." And obviously he was as strange a lover as they said. Who doubted it? Was there any other woman in England to give such a suitor the opportunity of an eternal love? "A life radically wretched," was the life of this master of Letters; but she, who has received nothing in return except ignominy from these unthankful Letters, was alone to make it otherwise. Well for him that he married so young as to earn the ridicule of all the biographers in England; for by so doing he, most happily, had her for nearly twenty years.

We have called her his only friend. So indeed she was, though he had followers, disciples, rivals, and companions, many degrees of admirers, a patron, and a public. He had also the household of sad old women who quarreled under his beneficent protection. But what friend had he? He was "solitary" when she died.

Consider under what solemn conditions and in what immortal phrase that word "solitary" stands. He wrote it, all Englishmen know where. He wrote it in the hour of that melancholy triumph when he had been at last set free from the dependence upon hope. He hoped no more, and he needed not to hope. The "notice" of Lord Chesterfield had been too long deferred; it was granted at last, when it was a flattery which Johnson's court of friends would applaud. But not for their sake was it welcome. To no living ear would he bring it and report it with delight.

He was indifferent, he was known. The sensitiveness to pleasure was gone, and the sensitiveness to pain, slights, and neglect would thenceforth be suffered to rest; no man in England would put that to proof again. No man in England, did we say? But, indeed, that is not so. No slight to him, to his person, or to his fame, could possibly have caused him pain more sensible than the customary, habitual ready-made ridicule cast by posterity upon her whom he loved for twenty years, prayed for during thirty-two years more, who satisfied one of the noblest of human hearts, but to whom the world, assiduous to admire him, hardly accords human dignity. He wrote praises of her manners and of her person for her tomb. But the greatest of all English prose is her epitaph. What was favor to him? "I am indifferent. . . I am known. . . I am solitary and cannot impart it."



U. S. CRUISER "SAN FRANCISCO" LEAVING NEW YORK

1. Leaving the Navy Yard.

2. Spinnaker, showing 6-inch gun and secondary battery.



DEPARTURE OF NEW YORK CITY MILITIA TO STATE CAMP—(Photos by BERTE & PULLIS)

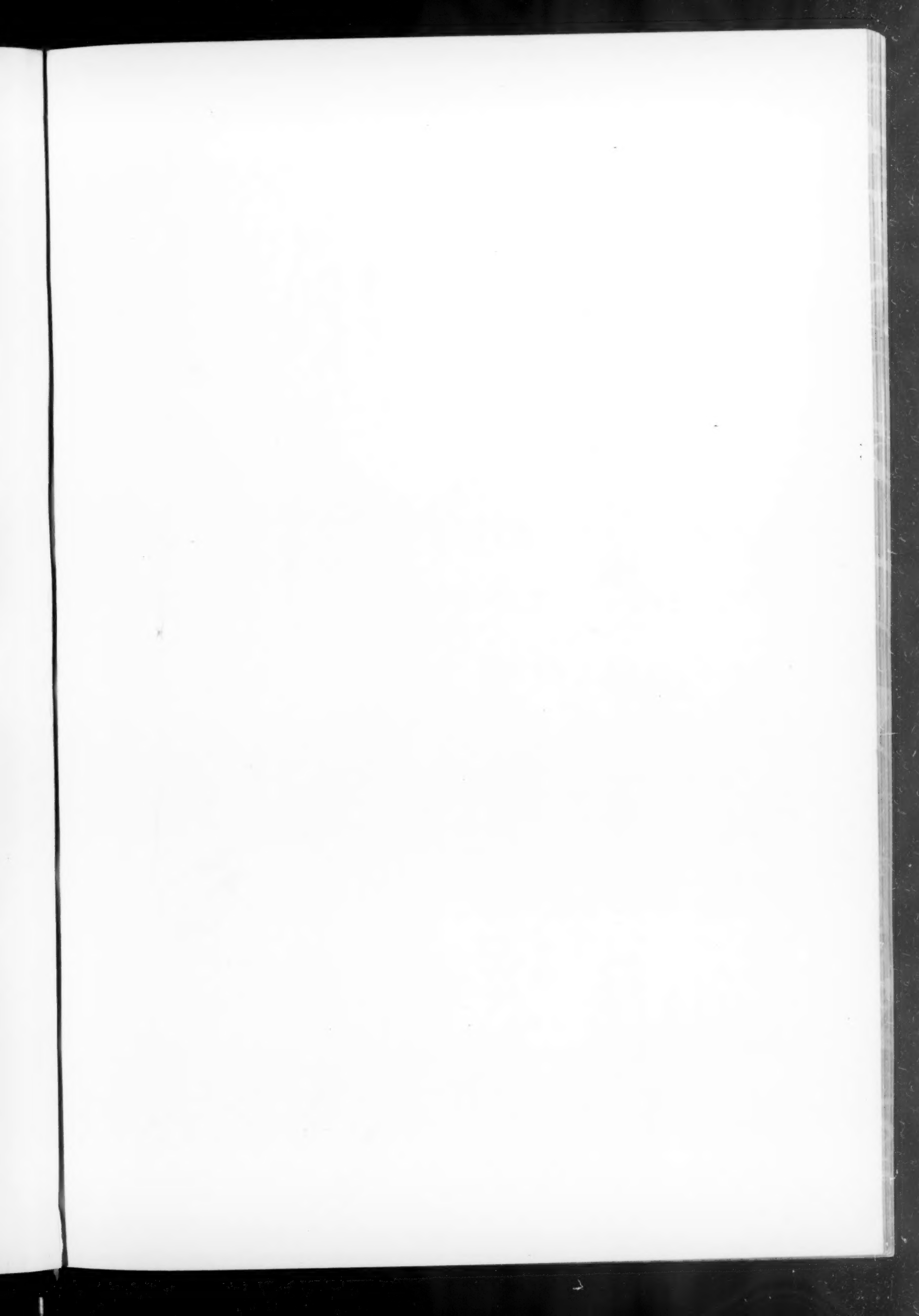
1. Ninth Regiment leaving its Armory.

2. Sixty-ninth Regiment marching to ferry.

3. Eighth Regiment on steamer for Peekskill Camp.

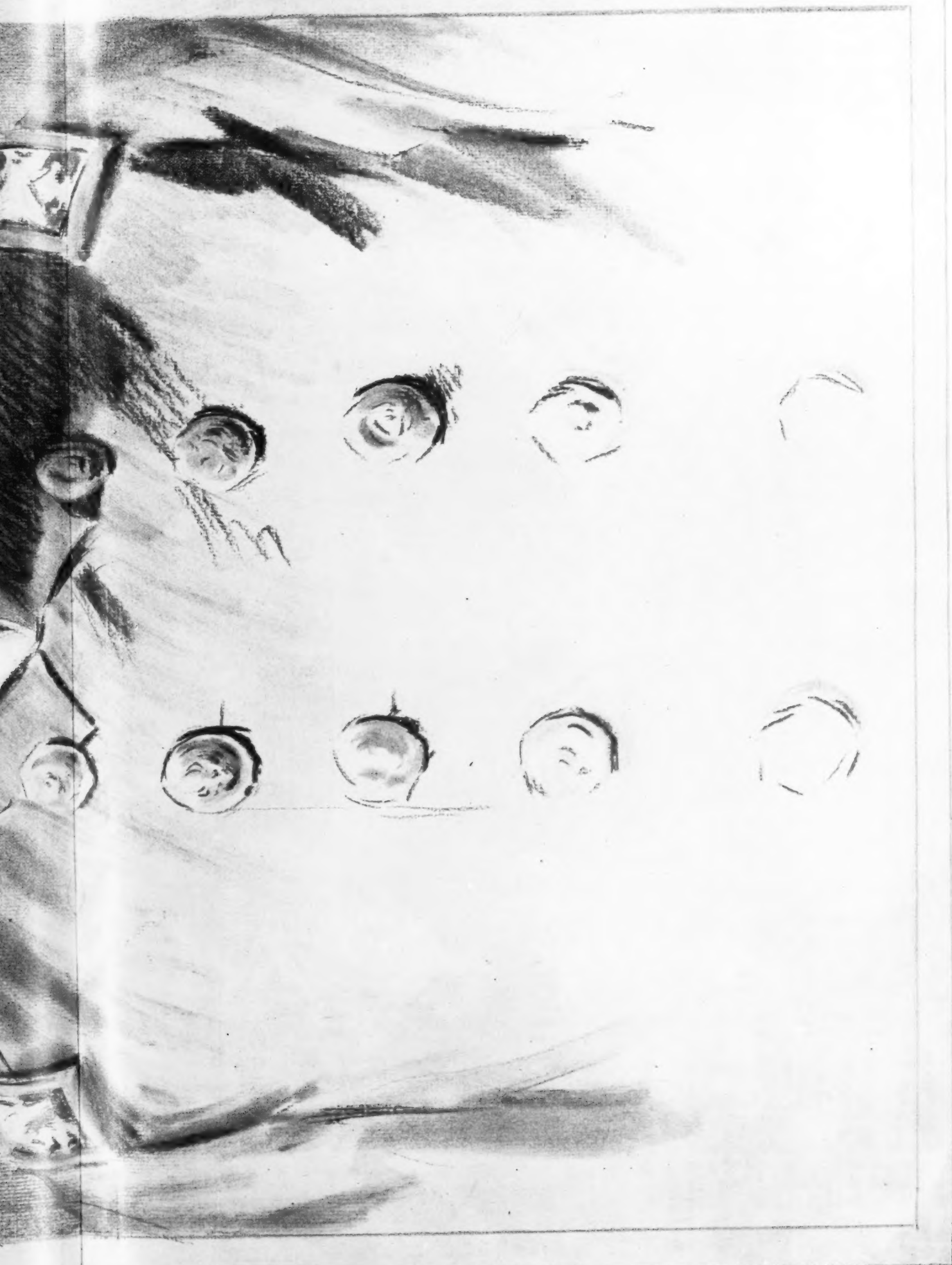
4. Eighth Regiment's place of embarkation.







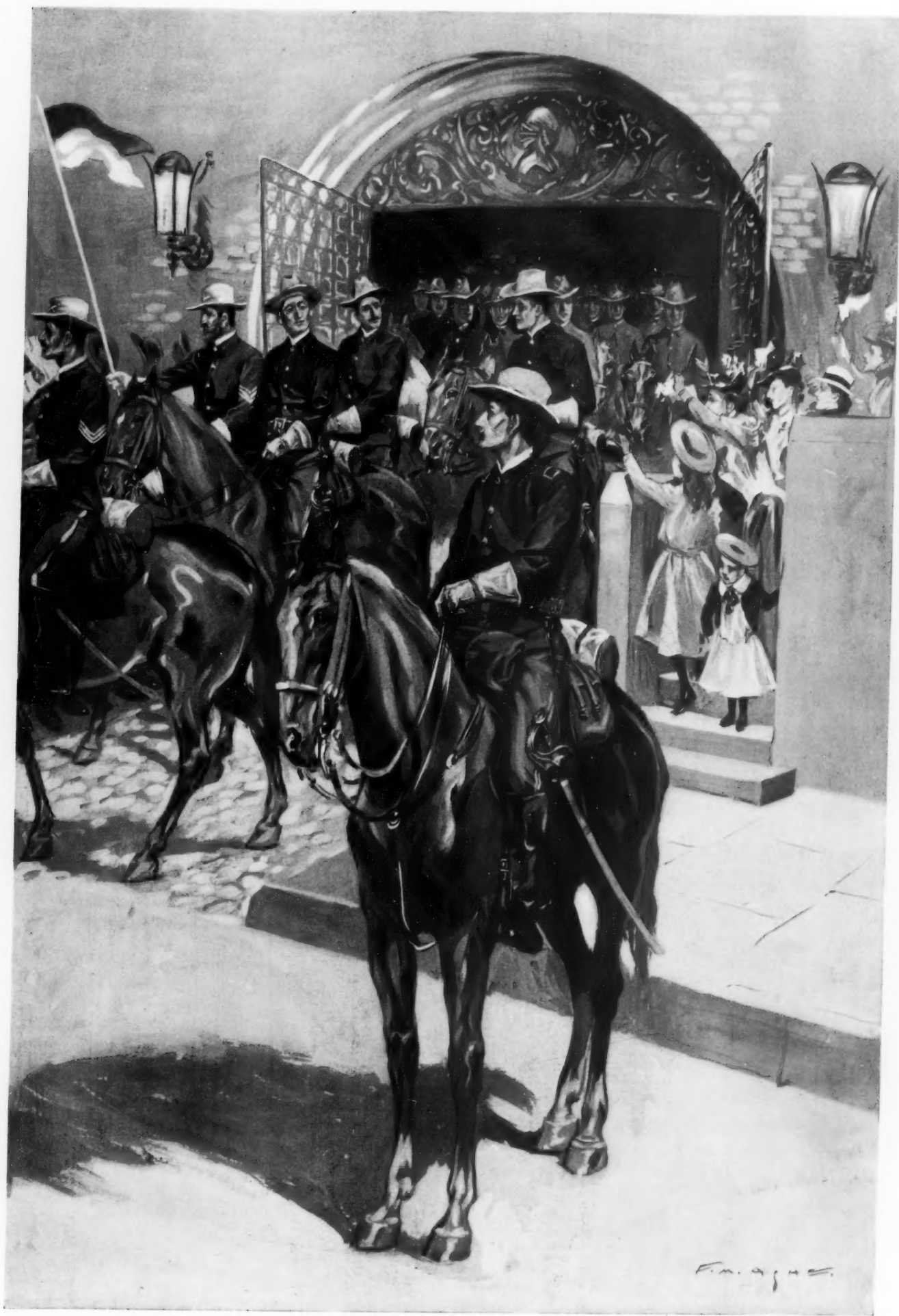




ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, U.S.N.





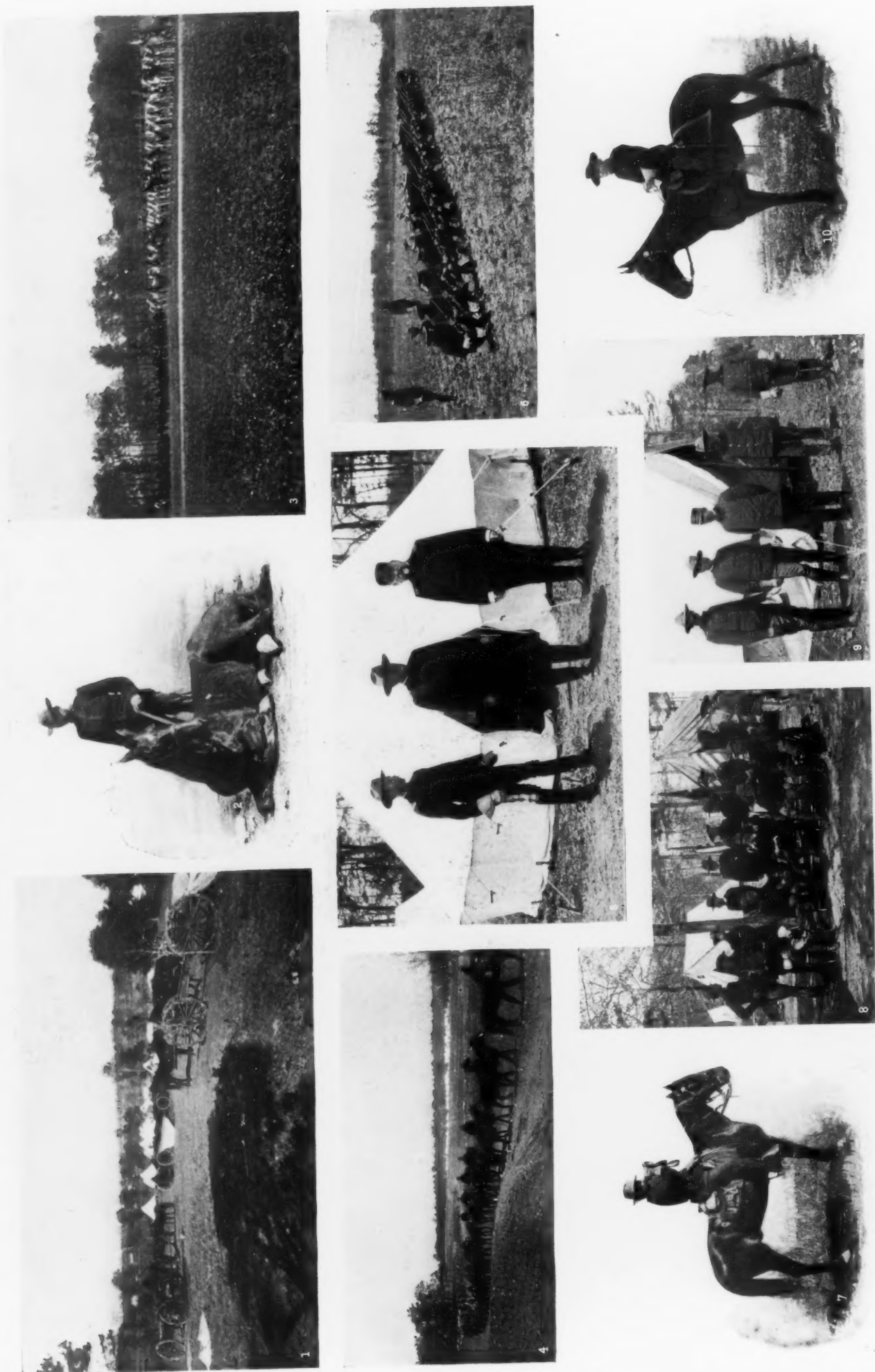


TROOP A, NEW YORK CITY, LEAVING ITS ARMORY

(Drawn by E. M. ASHE)

PREPARING TO MOVE TO CUBA—NINTH CAVALRY (COLORED) LEAVING CHICAGO FOR TAMPA  
(Drawn by our Special Artist, F. C. YOUNG)

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY



SCENES AT CAMP GEORGE H. THOMAS, CHICKAMAUGA (Photographed especially for COLLIER'S WEEKLY by Judd)

- 1. Newly arrived Artillery. 2. Capt. Dadd, 3d Cav., and his favorite horse. 3. A battalion of 9th Cav. 4. Wading horse. 5. Maj. Gen. Brooke, Commanding, C.M. T. Sheridan, Adj. Gen., and Lieut. Penn, Aide. 6. Diamonded drill 3d Cav. 7. Lieut. W. A. Wood, Adj. 9th Cav. 8. Lieut.-Col. J. M. Hamilton and Officers, 9th Cav. 9. Maj. H. G. Sharpe, Commissary Dept., Lieuts. Scott and McDonald and two Orderlies. 10. Bugler, 3d Artillery.



1. Newly arrived Artillery. 2. Capt. Dodd, 3d Cav., and his favorite horse. 3. A battalion of 9th Cav. 4. Watling horse. 5. Maj.-Gen. Brooks, Commanding, Co. M. 1. Serrano, 100. 10. Dugger, 30. Artillery. 7. Lieut. W. A. Wood, Adj. 9th Cav. 8. Lieut.-Col. J. M. Hamilton and Officers, 9th Cav. 9. Maj. H. G. Sharpe, Commissary Dept., Lieut. Scott and McDonald and two Orderlies.

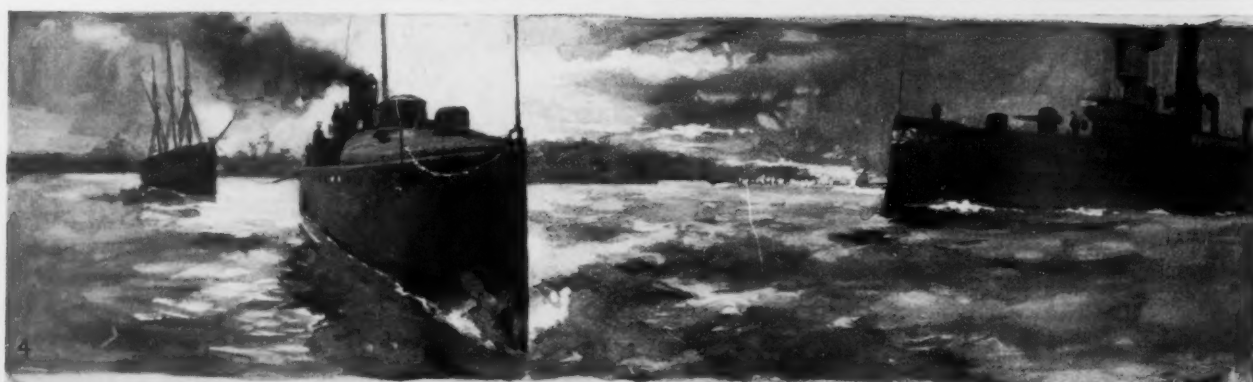
COLLIER'S WEEKLY



F. C. YOUNG  
CHATTANOOGA - TENN.  
APR 30 - 96.

PREPARING TO MOVE TO CUBA—NINTH CAVALRY (COLORED) LEAVING CHICKAMAUGA FOR TAMPA

(Drawn by our Special Artist, F. C. YOUNG)



A DAY WITH THE BLOCKADING SQUADRON

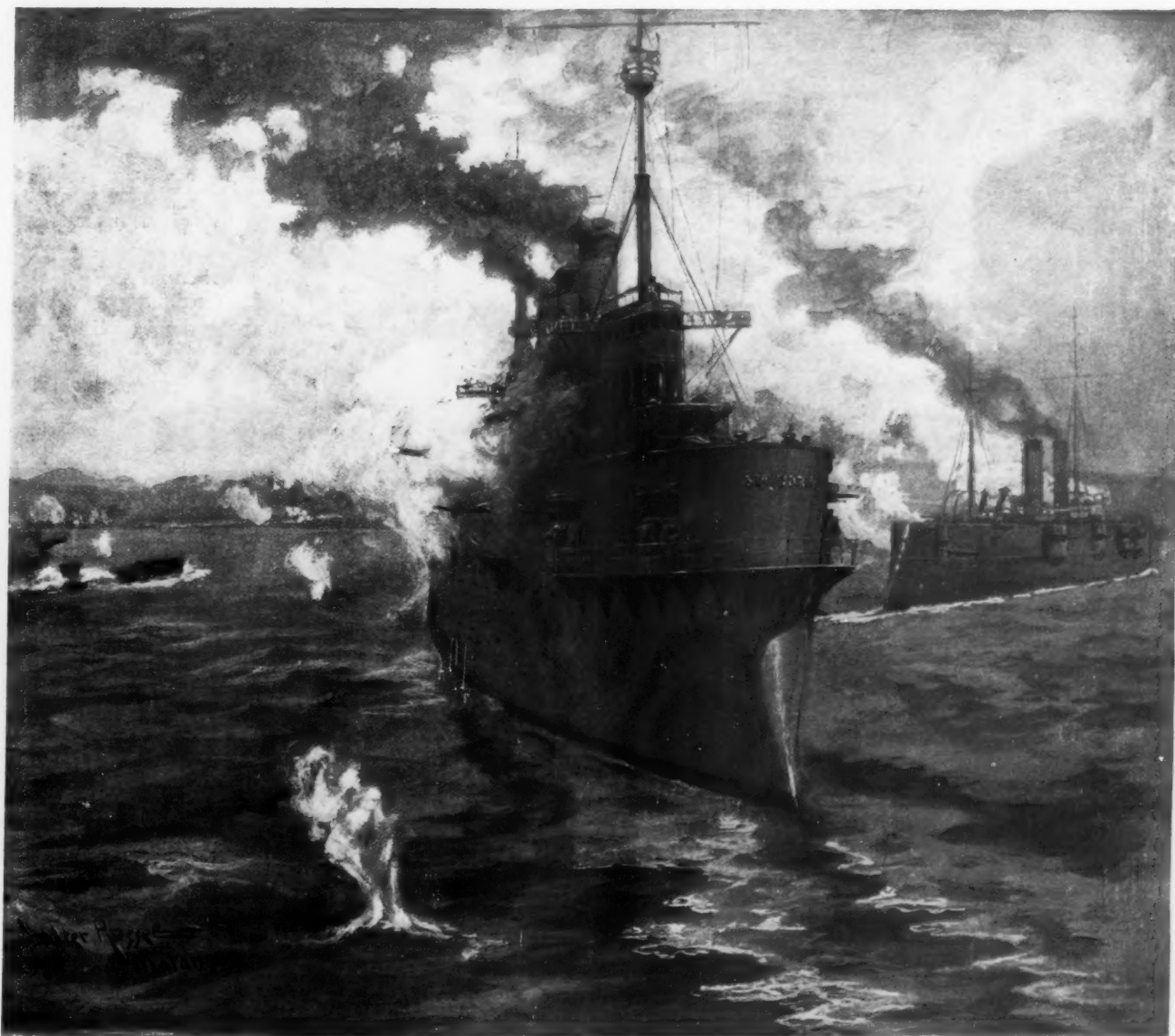
(DRAWN BY C. D. GRAVES)

1. Early morning off Bahia Honda. 2. "Jowa" and "Amphitrite" off Havana. 3. Shelling Matanza's batteries. 4. "Porter" with prize in tow.  
5. Night practice—attack and defense.



*AN ILLUSTRATED BULLETIN OF THE WEEK'S WAR NEWS*

MAP OF THE CUBAN COAST-LINE—THE BLOCKADED PORTS

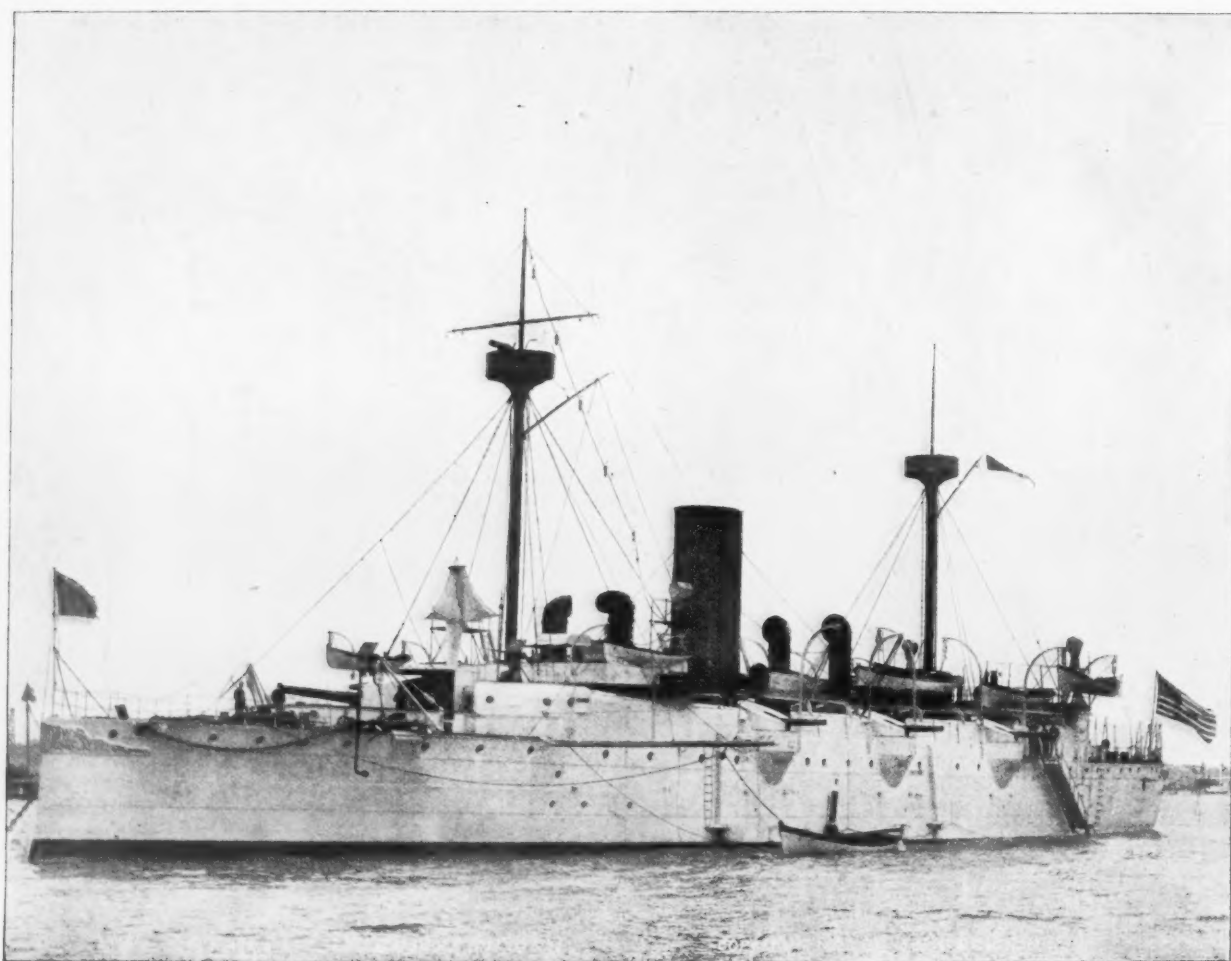


## THE BOMBARDMENT OF MATANZAS

(Drawn by WALTER RUSSELL, our Special Artist with the Fleet)



ENTRANCE TO RIVER PASIG, HARBOR OF MANILA



U. S. CRUISER "CHARLESTON" DESPATCHED WITH SUPPLIES TO COMMODORE DEWEY

Copyright, 1898, by J. S. Johnston



AUXILIARY CRUISERS "PRAIRIE" AND "YANKEE"

1. Captain Tram, of the "Yankee." 2. The "Prairie's" Engineer Division, from Fall River, Mass. The first Naval Reserves to enlist. 3. Crew of the "Prairie."  
4. Captain Brownson, of the "Prairie." 5. Deck view of the "Prairie." 6. Looking forward on the "Yankee."





SPANISH SQUADRON

SPANISH FORTS

OLYMPIA

# THE NAVAL VICTORY AT MANILA. MAY 1, 1898

PAINTED BY GILBERT



OLYMPIA

BALTIMORE

BOSTON

RALEIGH

CONCORD

I, 1898 — COMMODORE DEWEY'S FLEET ADVANCING IN LINE OF BATTLE.

NTED BY GILBERT GAUL.





SCENES AT U. S. REGULAR ARMY ENCAMPMENT, MOBILE, ALA.

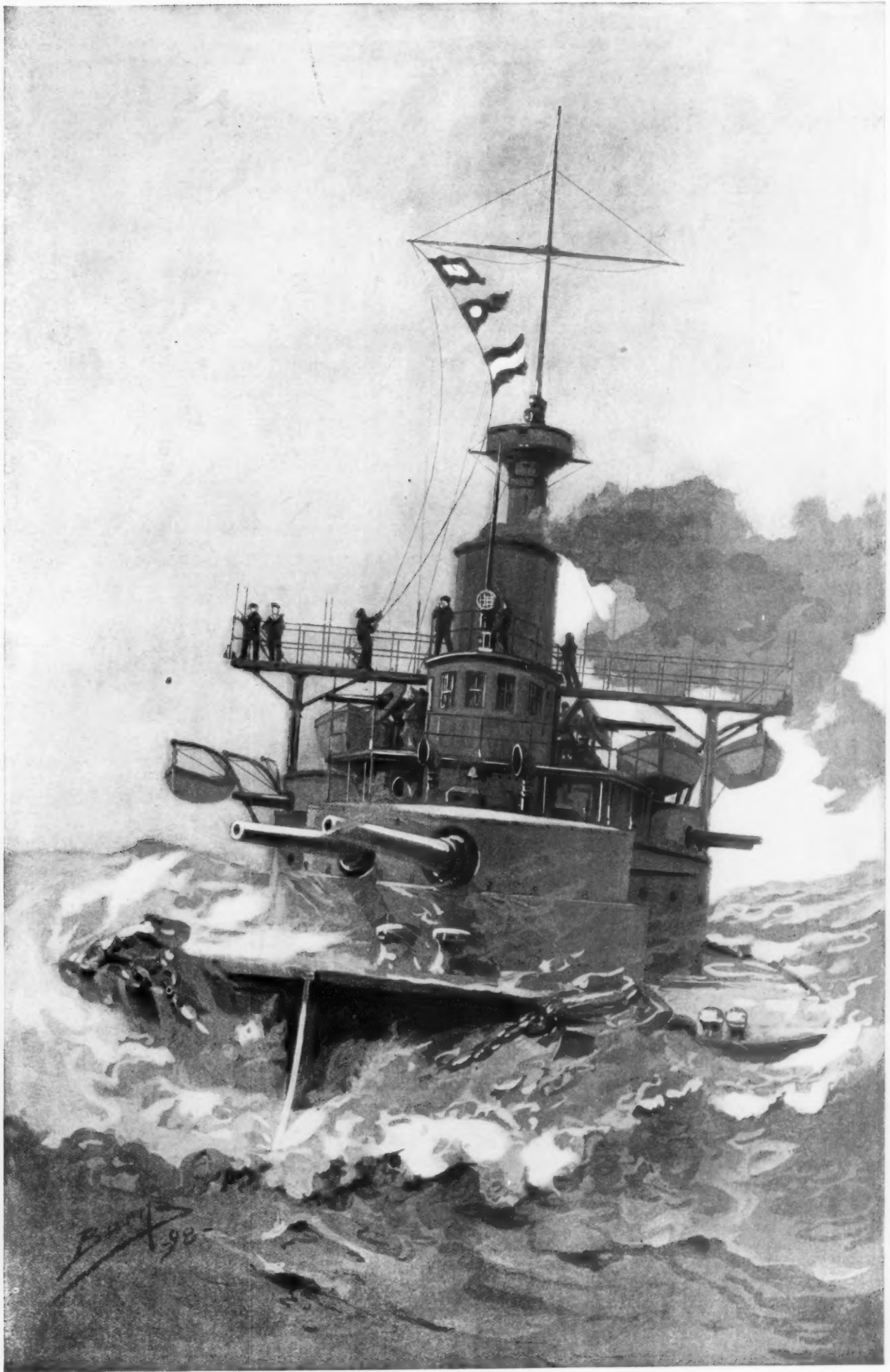


#### A SECRET EXPEDITION TO CUBA

1. Spanish cavalry patrolling coast.
2. Looking for the inlet.
3. Unloading government arms for Gomez.

(Photographed by our Special Photographer, JAMES H. HARE.)



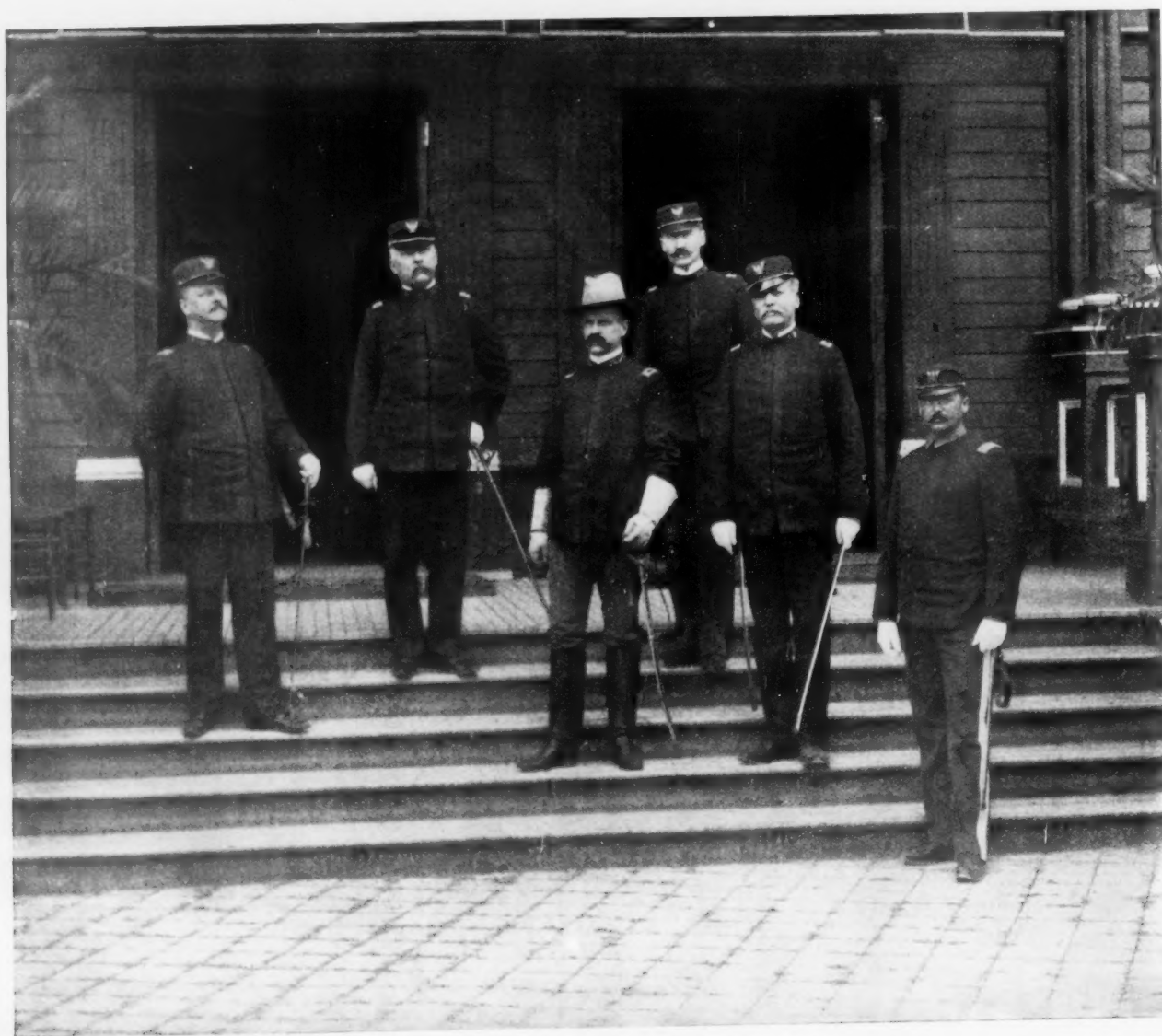


"PURITAN" OFF MATANZAS IN A HEAVY SEA

(Drawn by M. F. BURNS)



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GUY V. HENRY AND OFFICERS OF HIS OLD REGIMENT, THE TENTH U. S. CAVALRY



MAJOR-GENERAL U. F. WADE, U. S. A., AND HIS STAFF; TAMPA, FLORIDA



## A BALLADE OF FIGHTING MEN

HOPKINS, Bainbridge and John Paul Jones,  
Here's to the Kings of the sea!  
Confusion to cowards and death to drones,  
But a health to the bold and free;  
A cheer for the men of our own country  
Who fought for the flag or day or night,  
Captains courageous whoever they be—  
They were the men who lived to fight.

Preble and Stewart and the youngster, Drake,  
Some flag struck when they sailed the sea,  
Decatur's name made the pirates quake  
When he silenced their guns off Tripoli;  
The Barbary Corsairs were taught to flee  
When Barron's frigate hove in sight,  
And our flag in the East held sovereignty—  
They were the men who lived to fight.

Lawrence and Perry—immortal names—  
Conquerors of the circling sea,  
Men who played in the lusty games,  
And threw away life for a victory;  
"Don't give up the ship," said he,  
And the words ring now as they did that night  
When Lawrence died 'mid the enemy;—  
They were the men who lived to fight.

And what of grim old Farragut,  
The grisly cub of the mother sea?  
He feared nor lead nor the saber cut,  
Nor the grinning guns of the enemy;  
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,  
Lashed to the rigging, and in full sight,  
"We'll raze the forts or in hell we'll be!"—  
Ah! he was a man who lived to fight.

## L'ENVOI

Lord God of Battles, to Thee we pray  
To nerve our men in a cause that's right;  
Sampson, Sigsbee, Dewey, Schley—  
They are the men who live to fight.

JOHN NORTHERN HILLIARD.

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Camp Thomas, Chickamauga, May 5, 1898

**A** BATTLEFIELD twelve miles square. On the hills scores of monuments. On the plains thousands of white tents. The monuments tell of a battle fought on these hills in a war thirty-five years ago. The tents give notice of the Spanish-American war of the present. Eighteen regiments are here encamped. Twelve thousand men flitting here and there, singly or in bunches of a hundred or a thousand. Four thousand horses eating hay adown forty picket lines. Fifteen hundred mules tied to the wheels of hundreds of supply wagons and ambulances, a mule to each wheel. At night a thousand campfires, and five hundred sentries with bayonets. In the center of all, on a hill, four big tents—headquarters of Major-general John Brooke, commanding the army of invasion, and his staff. This is Camp George H. Thomas, in the Chickamauga National Park.

It is not unlike other military camps at Mobile, New Orleans, or Tampa, the cities of mobilization, save that the latter camps are composed only of infantry, while at Chickamauga we have had all the branches of the service—artillery, cavalry, and infantry. Thrown in, we have also a signal corps, an engineers' corps, a balloon corps, a photographic corps, and the heads of all departments, such as commissary, quartermaster, physicians and surgeons, the Red Cross, and more than our share of stragglers.

On the field are regiments from the West and Northwest, from all the coldest States. They chafe at the delay. "On to Cuba!" they cry. Impatience is making them irritable. Suspense is wearing them out. Hatred is consuming them. The "Maine" is not forgotten. They want to fight at once. They are ready.

We have here, also, many military tid-bits. We have the only colored officer in the United States Army, Lieutenant Young, of the Ninth Cavalry. We have the army's champion marksman, Sergeant Richardson, Company F, of the Sixteenth Infantry. We have the crack regiment of the cavalry, the famous Sixth. We have the most noted regiment of infantry, the Seventh. We have a glee club of colored soldiers, and a mandolin and guitar club of white troopers. And we have the first and largest camp of the present war. In the Rebellion, battle of Chickamauga, September, '63, here died fifteen thousand heroes! Here now almost fifteen thousand men capable of the same heroism—in Cuba.

The field commissary boasts of sort of a mountain range of food, principally potatoes, bacon, canned tomatoes, beans, flour, and coffee. This is the field menu for the men. For the brutes there is a stack of hay over in the cavalry camp as big as a

Saratoga hotel. Neither man nor mule goes hungry, ever. There is plenty for all. Only, O Lord, the monotony! On certain days fresh meat is served. On these days the soldiers, tin plates in their hands, get in line at the cook's tent a full half-hour before mess call. It is always best to be at the head of the line, for sometimes the fresh meat gives out before all are served.

Every day, on another part of the field, there is another kind of line—a line of Southern citizens waiting to enlist. They gather at the recruiting tent as early as reveille, ready to serve their country, fight for humanity, and avenge the "Maine." Many of these would-be soldiers are Georgia farmers, who have never before seen a military camp, have never seen even a soldier. They inherit a dislike for the negroes. In their ignorance they betray their dislike. Perceiving the negro troops, they step out of the line and tramp back home, saying, "Ah! I'll never enlist in this 'ere army as long as there's a nigger in it."

The government, anxious to recruit the army to its full war strength, is encountering a serious problem. The three years' term of hundreds of the enlisted men at Chickamauga expires in May and June. Most of these men are not willing to enlist for another three years, though they would come in again for one year.

The law, however, says three years or none. This means losing hundreds of trained soldiers at the time they are most needed. Among the applicants for first enlistment, however, things are different. Many of the "green 'uns" straggle into camp after having walked a distance of fifty, a hundred, or even a hundred and fifty miles. Footsore and weary, they go into the presence of the examining surgeon—many of them to be refused. If a tooth is missing, if they cannot distinguish the number on a card with one eye at a distance of fifty yards, if at the same distance they cannot hear a whispered word with one ear, if they are under eighteen or over thirty-five, if married, they are rejected. Uncle Sam wants only healthful soldiers. A sick Tommy Atkins is worse than none, for he is a burden to his comrades.

Meanwhile the ambulance corps is idle, except in practice drill, for not a man in the command is on the sick list.

Day after day, now, in and around Chickamauga, the farmers are startled by the rattle of musketry and boom, boom of cannon, thousands of shots fired at imaginary enemies in sham battles. The army here uses perhaps ten thousand blank cartridges a day. As you walk about the fields you trample the empty shells into the soft earth.

Major-general Brooke, from his station in the center on the hilltop, directs the manœuvres as in real battle. Members of his staff, mounted, rush up and down the field, orderlies fly as for their lives, and correspondents take their places in the field, so that when the real fighting begins they will know how to keep out of the way. Meanwhile the soldiers work hard, each with an interest in his work, interest not so evident in time of peace.

All the spare rooms in the farmhouses round about are occupied by the wives of officers and by newspaper correspondents. Table board is at a premium. Visitors pour into the field by the thousand. They rush by the sentries and peek at the officers, as people do at a park menagerie. The visitors are an annoyance to the troops. They are always in the way, and to the soldier falls the task of "policing" the camp, picking up the multifarious refuse of multitudinous lunch baskets left by the visitors.

A trooper thinks first of his mount, and second of his stomach. In the field, therefore, the cooks are very important and very much abused persons. If the dinner is late, if green wood won't burn, if the coffee is scorched, the cook is blamed. The men help the poor cook out, however, by stealing, or rather, foraging. They confiscate stray pigs, corral any cow in sight, plunder hen roosts, and carry soft drink stands off bodily. The guilty ones are never discovered, and guard-houses remain empty.

The mobilization of troops is really the act of making many mobs' one huge mob. Only an army is an orderly mob. Instead of chaos, here is system, and discipline, leaders and followers. But what havoc even an orderly mob makes on a landscape.

When the troops first arrived here Chickamauga was a place of green fields. Now the fields are all brown earth, and dust flies in clouds. Woods have been reduced to fields of stumps, for firewood must be had at any sacrifice. With ten kitchens to each of the eighteen regiments, and scores of camp fires for each regiment every night, no wonder fences and woods are disappearing.

Troops are still arriving, thirty to fifty cars on each train of three sections. On the journey the soldiers have only two meals a day—corn beef and beans and coffee. Horses get hay and water only once every twenty-four hours. So far as comfort and health are concerned, soldiers would rather march thousands of miles on foot than travel the same distance on railroad cars. For on a march they are sure of a night's sleep, lying at full length, of three meals a day, and of plenty of water for their mounts.

The army here is eager to get to Cuba, but it dreads fever more than bullets. The rainy season in Cuba has begun, and the soldiers know it. They ought not to be moved till fall; but war is no respecter of time, and the soldiers are glad of that.

GILSON WILLETS.



## PRESENT CONDITION OF OUR COAST DEFENSES

IT IS the highest ambition of every naval commander to make a page in history" was the remark made to the writer by the chief of the Bureau of Coast Defense in Washington in February last, when Congress was considering the annual appropriation for our seacoast defenses, and before war with Spain was considered a probability. The truth of this remark has since been proved most emphatically by the American navy. But suppose a Spanish cruiser or squadron should attack any of our cities; what resistance could we offer to prevent the enemy from making "a page in history"?

The beginning of the present war found our seaports but poorly protected. A few modern batteries had been constructed and guns mounted at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Hampton Roads, and San Francisco. At other places fortifications were under way, some nearly completed, some with guns ready to mount, and not a few with no ordnance whatever. Within three months the government has directed much of its energy to hurrying the work along the coast, and to-day it has most of the seaports provided with at least temporary means of defense.

The principal arms are, of course, rifled cannon. For land batteries, these consist of the 12-inch, 10-inch, and 8-inch, with a few rapid-fire 6-pounders for repelling assaults. For auxiliary batteries 12-inch mortars are in favor, and all of the more important defenses have emplacements for them. The 12-inch guns are mounted on two styles of carriage—the lift and the disappearing. The majority of the 10-inch and 8-inch pieces are also mounted on disappearing carriages, but the mortars arranged in batteries of four are in fixed positions. With the exception of the 12-inch rifles on first-class battleships, the 12-inch gun is the most powerful weapon in use in the world to-day. It is claimed by our own engineers and admitted by many British officers that the factories at Washington and Watervliet turn out a better quality of ordnance of this size than even Krupp or the Armstrongs. The 12-inch gun weighs fifty-seven tons and can throw a projectile weighing one thousand pounds a distance of twelve miles with effect; its maximum range is believed to be thirteen miles. It requires five hundred and twenty pounds of powder for each discharge, and the expense of firing one shot, including the cost of the powder and projectile, is eight hundred and thirty-three dollars. The penetration of a 12-inch shell is very great; at a distance of four miles it will go through twenty inches of steel. The 10-inch rifle, weighing thirty tons, has an effective range of ten miles with a 600-pound projectile, while an 8-inch rifle, weighing fourteen and one-half tons, can throw a 300-pound shot nine miles with effect.

A rifle is now being completed by the government which will be the most destructive weapon in the world. It will have a 16-inch bore and will throw a projectile weighing twenty-three hundred pounds fifteen miles. A half-ton of powder will be required at each discharge. If mounted on Romer Shoals, in New York Harbor, a shell from it could destroy a vessel five miles beyond Sandy Hook, or a building as far north as Central Park in the metropolis.

The 12-inch mortars are thirteen feet long; they are breech-loaders, and capable of throwing a shell weighing eight hundred pounds from four to five miles. Besides the mortars some 15-inch dynamite guns are now ready at different seaport fortifications.

The modern type of fortification contrasts strikingly with the massive old stone works, excellent specimens of which are Fortress Monroe and Fort Wadsworth. To the eye of a novice, Fortress Monroe, the largest of its type in the country, is seemingly impregnable; up to the close of the Civil War it could be defended against a fleet or army of any size, but as small a gun as the 8-inch rifle could lay it in ruins in a very short time. The old method of fortifying has been replaced by the emplacement system of earth, stone and concrete, except at points where the topography of the coast-line permits the use of natural formation. This is the case at Portland, Me., where the rocky cliff has been utilized, the batteries being at an elevation of fifty and sixty feet above tide water. Here, however, a large amount of concrete and stonework has been used to re-enforce the walls of rock. The walls of the modern fortification are very broad and gradually incline from the summit to the base. They appear like mounds of earth with an inner coating of cement, but in their construction thousands of yards of broken stone and concrete are used for a single emplacement. The modern fort is constructed more below than above ground, the magazines, quarters for the artillerymen, apparatus for elevating, sighting and firing, and other machinery being inclosed in water-tight casemates often twelve to fifteen feet below the surface. As the seacoast guns of to-day can be discharged by electricity, if desired, there is little need of exposure of the men, and most of the gun-crew can remain under cover and out of danger.

An idea of the expense of the present type of fortifications can be gained when it is stated that the cost of some of the 10-inch gun emplacements has been as high as one hundred and fifty thousand dollars each. This has been especially the case in the South, where batteries were constructed on a sandy formation and piling had to be driven sometimes fifty or sixty feet to secure a proper foundation for a gun platform. Where

stone was available, it has been used in large quantities mixed with the cement, and this material constitutes the strength of most of the protection for the disappearing guns, re-enforced by earth and sand at the top and in front of the walls proper. Several of the old-time forts have been inclosed by concrete and earthwork, the stone walls forming a sort of inner line of defense.

Modern fortifications have been built or are in course of construction on the harbors of Portland, Portsmouth, N. H., Boston, the eastern approach to Long Island Sound, the entrance to Narragansett Bay, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Hampton Roads, Washington, D. C., Wilmington, N. C., Charleston, S. C., Tybee Island (the entrance to Savannah, Ga.), Pensacola, Fla., Mobile, Ala., New Orleans, and Galveston, Tex.; these comprise the defenses of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. Works are also under way at San Diego and San Francisco, Cal., the mouth of the Columbia River, and Puget Sound on the Pacific coast. The heavier ordnance is placed at the entrance of the deeper harbors, the 8-inch guns, with usually one or two batteries of mortars, being used to protect points where the draught of water will only allow the smaller type of cruisers or gunboats to enter. Consequently the 12-inch guns are divided principally between Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Long Island Sound, and San Francisco. These ports have also 10-inch guns in position, while the larger Southern ports are provided with 10-inch and 8-inch guns in addition to mortars.

By June 1 it is calculated by the War Department that armament will be ready for use as follows:

	12-in. Rifles.	10-in. Rifles.	8-inch Rifles.	12-in. Mortars.
Portland, Me.	2	5	—	16
Portsmouth, N. H.	—	2	2	8
Boston, Mass.	5	8	5	16
Narragansett Bay	—	3	4	12
East End (Long Island Sound)	2	2	—	—
New York Harbor	8	12	16	48
Philadelphia	—	3	4	16
Baltimore	1	1	3	8
Washington	—	3	3	—
Hampton Roads, Va.	2	3	4	16
Wilmington, N. C.	—	—	2	4
Charleston, S. C.	—	2	—	8
Savannah, Ga.	—	—	2	4
Pensacola, Fla.	—	—	2	—
Key West, Fla.	—	1	1	—
Mobile, Ala.	—	—	3	2
New Orleans	—	3	3	8
Galveston, Tex.	—	2	—	4
San Diego, Cal.	—	3	—	8
San Francisco	3	4	—	16
Columbia River	2	—	4	8
Puget Sound	—	3	2	4

By this it will be seen that to defend the coast-line we will have about one hundred and fifty rifles and two hundred mortars, in addition to the small 6-pounders and dynamite guns.

Another and vitally important means of coast defense has already been arranged in most of the larger harbors. This consists of chains of torpedoes and mines connected with the shore by insulated wire cables. The obstructions are placed in ship channels leading to the harbors proper and anchored at such a depth that merchant vessels will not strike them in going in and out. The mines which are the most powerful are charged with guncotton in quantities of from two hundred and fifty to six hundred pounds each. The torpedoes are of different sizes; most of them are made at the United States Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I. As a rule the cables are connected with the fortifications in the vicinity, terminating in casemates, the wires being arranged in such a manner that a touch of a telegraph key will cause an explosion. Maps showing the locality of the submarine defenses are placed in the forts, and the system is such that, when an enemy's vessel enters a certain section of the harbor, the mines or torpedoes in her immediate vicinity can be exploded, if desired, independently of the rest. Torpedoes and mines have been placed in the harbors of Boston, New York and other cities, and in the ship channel leading into Hampton Roads. The government has evidently realized the importance of Hampton Roads as a strategic point, as it is understood that the most elaborate system of obstructions has been placed in this ship channel, while its gun and mortar batteries, located on the Chesapeake Bay to the north of Fortress Monroe, are among the most powerful yet constructed. The reason for this is that a vessel successfully passing these defenses could go up the bay to Baltimore, up the James River to Richmond, up the Potomac River to Washington, or could have the cities of Newport News, Norfolk and Portsmouth, with their wharfs, elevators and dry docks, at the mercy of her guns.

Up to March 1 of last year about ten million dollars had been expended on our modern seacoast defenses and armament. It is calculated that by June 1 this amount will have been increased to fully fifteen million dollars.

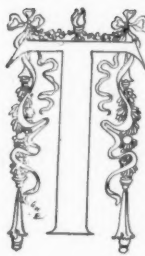
### GAIL BORDEN EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK.

In 1856 Gail Borden introduced condensed milk, and from small beginning an enormous industry has resulted. The product of tens of thousands of cows is required to supply the demand for this superior infant food. No other equals it.



## OUR NOTE-BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS



TRINIDAD, where Spain has been found to have surreptitiously concealed a coaling station, is not, as has been conveniently supposed, the island on which Harden Hickey projected the founding of a monarchy. That is a desolate reef which lies off Rio. This is a place situated above the Orinoco much as is a dot on an i. Columbus sighted it first. From the mast-head he beheld three mountain-tops. Hence its name. Its interest is elsewhere. Sir Walter Raleigh, whom Queen Elizabeth called a little dear and Coke a spider from hell, sailed, once upon a time, that way. Precisely as Ponce de Leon sought in the neighboring waters for the Fountain of Eternal Youth, so did this picturesque adventurer seek the Eldorado. The belief in the existence of a city of gold and of gems was one of the hallucinations of the age. Orellana, one of Pizarro's lieutenants, inspired it. Near to the Orinoco, stretched, he declared, a land so rich that the wealth of Mexico and of Peru was but genteel poverty in comparison. The story, repeated from Lisbon to London, gathered embroideries in transit. It set Europe mad. According to the accounts recited, in the center of an island of glimmering green stood a palace. Built of marble, fronted with columns of alabaster, surrounded with galleries of ebony incrustated with pearls, it surged an image of what a castle in paradise may be. Behind it were three mountains, one of emerald, one of silver, and one of gold. Within was a delicious court in which lions roamed and where a dazzling altar supported a disk of the sun, before which four lamps burned perpetually. While around and about was fairyland.

### SIR WALTER'S INVENTION

El Dorado, literally the Gilded, so called because of the magnificence of his appearance, was the sovereign of this enchantment. His body, rubbed each morning with gum, was dusted with gold powder. The costume being less convenient than pajamas, at night he was scrubbed and on the morrow regilded. It is worth noting that according to Humboldt the Guyana chiefs used to roll in turtle fat and then cover themselves with mica, the metallic effect of which must have been equally gorgeous. But that is a detail. Expeditions to the fantastic realm of the fabulous Inca succeeded each other from every port. One of them was led by Sir Walter Raleigh. Three hundred and three years ago he sailed for Trinidad. He found it and the mountains too, but of the heights of emerald, silver and gold, of El Dorado, of the jeweled palace, the lions, altar, and the rest, not a trace. It will be assumed that on his return he exploded the legend. Not a bit of it. He said that the place was just as had been described only more so, and to Queen Elizabeth he related that at sight of her picture the Gilded One had swooned with admiration. No wonder she called him a little dear. No wonder that Coke called him a spider from hell when the lie was discovered. No wonder, either, at the recent and local surprise when it was found that Spain had secured there a port as coaling station.

### WANTED: A CORPS OF ROUGH WRITERS

Mr. Walter Hast, the distinguished monologist and vaudeville performer, is about to organize, or has already organized, a battalion of actors. May success attend the enterprise. There are many, of course, whom we could inconveniently spare. There are others whom we might. That, however, is a detail. There is no reason why the movement should be confined to actors. An authors' brigade would be a beautiful and valiant thing. There is General Lew Wallace, for instance. He has already served his country. It is rumored that he is anxious to serve it again. In him a corps of rough writers would find a splendid chief. Then there is Mr. Gilder. He also has served his country. The war articles which he edited have, it is understood, entitled those who read them to pensions for life. There are these. There are others. When they are gone there will be more. The country may be deficient in this, that and the other, but the profuseness with which authors are raised is a subject of national pride. Then, too, the great advantage of a brigade of this character would not be its absence or even its loss. It would consist in the color and crimson with which local literature would be subsequently enriched. Given the facts, and any writer worth his syndicate could loll in bed and dictate the siege and sack of Cadiz. But send him to the front and an acrobat on a triple trapeze would be less vertiginous than the flights and swoops of his pen.

### MAID OF CADIZ E'ER WE PART

Froissart is a case in point. His chronicles of long ago possess a dash which even Sunday journalism does not display. Moreover, should the campaign be projected into Spain of all troopers the author would be most at home. No writer is

properly equipped who did not land there with Cæsar and watch him, his face from tireless debauches more vicious than before, give the land the *coup de grâce* which made it Rome's. No writer is properly equipped who has not passed up with the pageant of its history. And no writer would be fit to serve who was unprepared to return with a knapsack full of long raven Andalusian scalps. There would be the opportunity for fine work. It would be an adventure redolent of charm after conquering the dons to conquer the doñas. And for the poet who gets there what pleasanter interlude could there be than to weave madrigals beneath the enchanted stars and declaim to an amber ear: "Por una mirada, un mundo, por una sonrisa, un cielo, y por un beso—yo no sé que te diera por un beso."—phrases which the late Mr. Ollendorf would render, For a look, a world; for a smile, a heaven, and for a kiss—I don't really know what I could give you for a kiss. But which an Andalusian, and for that matter a Cuban, would condense into three words: Olle tu madre!—Hurrah for your mother! and which in their subtlety would perhaps do as well.

### THE BAGATELLES OF THE DOOR

Spain, in accepting our declaration of war with what Don Bombastes Sagasta characterized as silent scorn, has intimated that those ships of hers which previously passed in the night under armed escort to Tampa and Key West were illegally captured. It is a rule of equity that the plaintiff must enter court with clean hands. Spain has not always bothered with the bagatelles of the door. The sailing of her invincible if vanquished Armada was not preceded by any formal notice, nor was her attack on the United Provinces. In days gone by self-respecting nations were more punctilious. The Romans declared war by throwing a bloody lance into the territory of the enemy—unless the territory happened to be too far away, in which case it was thrown in its direction. Yet even in that event formal notice was served through an ambassador. In the Middle Ages, also, there was a very knightly abhorrence of anything precipitate. Announcement was made by heralds in advance. In modern times the practice has been largely abrogated. To-day authorities on international law are agreed that a withdrawal or dismissal of representatives suffices. In the present instance, war was actually created by Act of Congress. Nothing more was necessary, and in delivering to General Woodford his passports Spain showed her entire recognition of the fact. As the point may never arise again, it is all the more worth noting.

### COMFORT FOR THE ENEMY

Professor Norton, in the course of a recent lecture at Harvard, qualified the present war as inglorious. He compared it to the episode with Mexico, which he characterized in the same style, leaving his hearers to infer that Spain deserves victory and the United States defeat. The views of this gentleman are entitled to great respect. It is his function to provide instruction in the fine arts. In that entirely delightful publication entitled "The World's Best Literature" he has given twenty-eight pages from Dante. Dante deserves the space. Preceding them are thirty pages of criticism. A gentleman who considers his opinions on Dante more valuable than Dante himself must in time of peace and wide leisure be very entertaining. But this is time of war. Over the fine arts the Muses preside. Of the latter there are ten. The tenth is Silence. The fact may be properly commended to his attention, and one or two other matters as well. Of all duties the most sacred is rigorous injustice to the enemies of our friends. To the enemies of our country sympathy is a crime. The giving to them of aid "or comfort" is, in the Constitution of the United States, defined as treason. Under the common law the penalty was severe. The traitor was dragged on a hurdle to the place of execution, where he was drawn, quartered and decapitated. By statute he is simply hanged. The loss to the fine arts would be distinct were Professor Norton removed. But whether a drum would sound or a funeral note is a problem.

### THE LAND OF THE BRAVE AND THE HOME OF THE RICH

July being within beck and call, a subject of moment is Spain versus the Summer Resort. Strategists and experts recommend inland mounts and intervalles. The advice is not very valuable. There is nothing the matter with the coast. On that point the conference held at Brussels in 1874 is decisive. There it was agreed that towns, agglomerations of houses or villages that are open and undefended cannot be bombarded or attacked. This agreement, subsequently embodied in what is known as the Oxford Code, is now part and parcel of international law. From Cape May to Campobello, the haunts of the resorter are in consequence, and with few exceptions, practically immune. Narragansett Pier, for instance, is unfortified. It never was a place for an unprotected man. During the coming season—unless meanwhile the troops are disbanded—young chaps who roam that way had best go armed. Bar Harbor also is unfortified. But those familiar with the prices there may leave every other fear behind. The damage from bombs is problematic. There is nothing problematic about the bills. Observations not similar but cognate apply to the other delightful spots along the shore. Newport and New London may get a shell or two, but elsewhere habitués will encounter no dangers which they have not survived before.





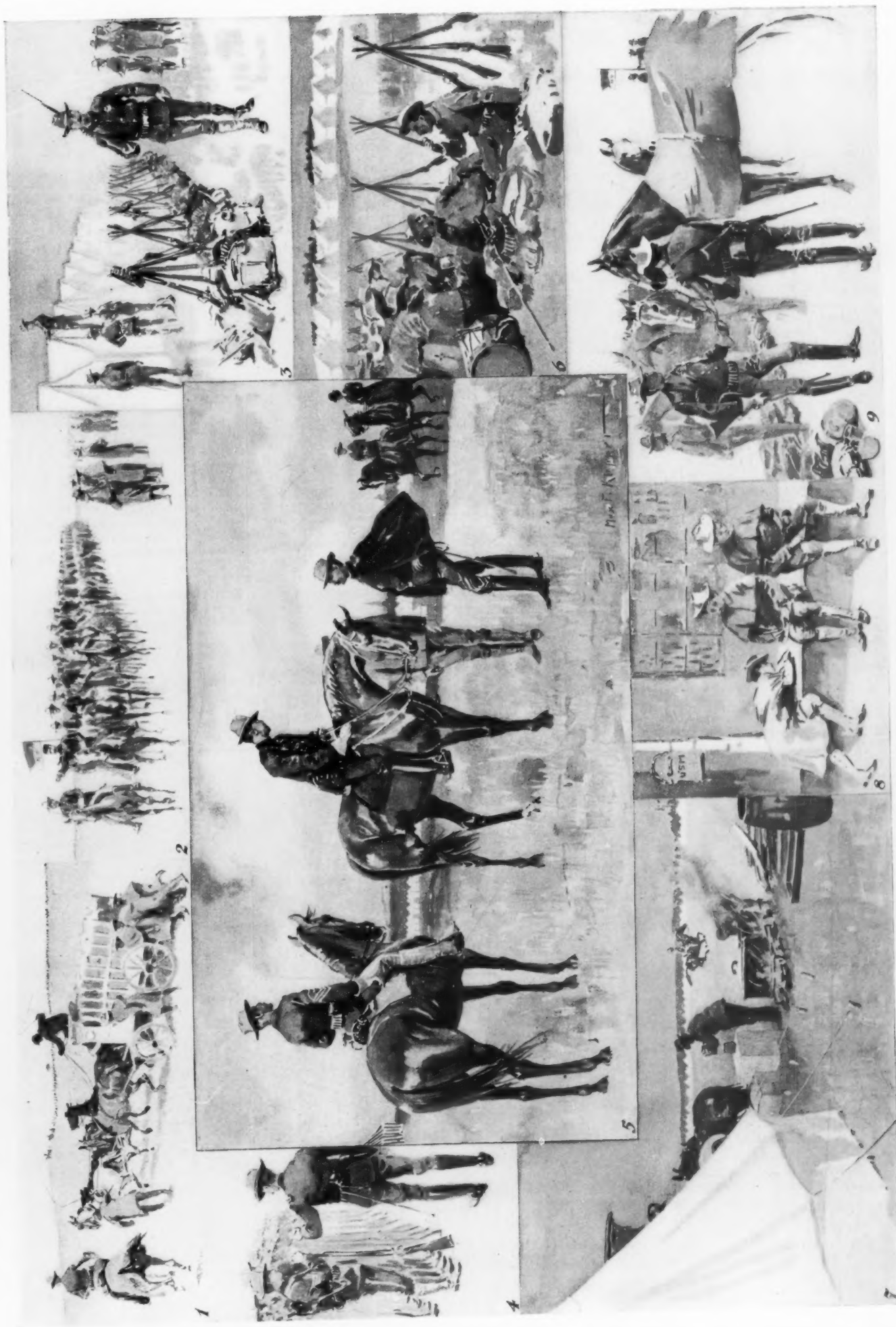
Copyright, 1897, by HOMER LEE

"UNDER COVER OF NIGHT"—NIGHT ATTACK BY A TORPEDO BOAT

Painted by HOMER LEE



COLLIER'S WEEKLY



SCENES AT THE NEW YORK STATE CAMP, HEMPSTEAD, L. I.—Drawn by MAX T. KLEPPER

1. Supply wagon and guard. 2. Squad on guard. 3. On guard, 71st Regiment. 4. Drilling recruits. 5. Major-General C. F. Roe and staff. 6. The first meal in camp, 34th Regiment. 7. Preparing a meal. 8. At the post-office. 9. Troop C, just arrived.

# Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

## VOLUNTEER OFFICERS OF THE NAVY

HOW THEY ARE NOW BEING EXAMINED AND CHOSEN

FROM the time that hostilities between the United States and Spain became imminent, the Navy Department at Washington has been flooded with

communications, from all over the country, from eager men tendering their services as volunteer line-officers in the navy. Of these, some were former naval officers and graduates of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, some had spent more or less time at the Academy, but had not graduated, others were officers of the merchant marine or yachtsmen. Some had had no naval or even nautical training whatsoever, yet fondly hoped that social, political or other influence might bring them shoulder-straps and glory.

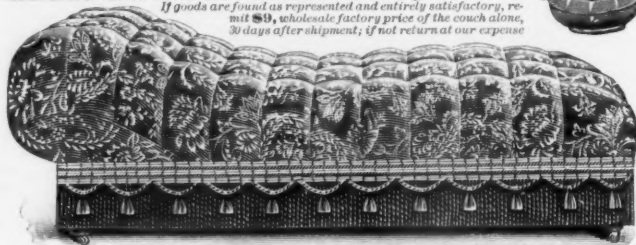
Few of the last-named class have received other response from the Department than a formal acknowledgment, with thanks, of their tender of services; but no sooner had Congress passed the bill authorizing the President to use force to oust the Spanish from Cuba than representatives of the other classes of applicants, selected according to their relative aptitudes for the service, received communications from the Bureau of Navigation, which controls the personnel of the navy, giving them permission to appear before examining boards, convened at the Washington navy-yard, for examination as to their fitness for appointment as acting line-officers. Those who had volunteered their services as acting medical, engineer or pay officers were given similar permission to appear before examining boards in Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

## OUR \$5.00 GIFT

To advertise our victorious plan of selling furniture from factory to fireside, we give absolutely free with every couch, as shown below, an elegant quadruple silver-plated teapot, guaranteed to be worth \$5.00 and to wear for ten years. A certificate of warranty, signed by the manufacturer, accompanies each teapot.

Readers of this Publication Need Send No Money In Advance

If goods are found as represented and entirely satisfactory, remit \$5.00, wholesale factory price of the couch alone, 30 days after shipment; if not return at our expense.



WE OFFER this couch for trial orders because it's one of our greatest bargains. Full size, 29x72 in. Upholstered in finest grade imported figured corduroy or velours, any standard shade or color. Samples of covering free on request. Full set best springs. Spring edges and end. Deep biscuit tufted. Best wool fringe. The teapot is extra large, 10-in. high, 6-in. diameter. Fine stipple finish and elaborately engraved. If you prefer, we will send, in lieu of the teapot, a syrup cup and plate, butter dish, or sugar bowl of the same high-grade ware, and fully warranted for ten years. Order to-day. Don't put it off. All that's necessary is to say that you're a reader of this publication (this is important), that you accept our Sample Offer No. 4 on 30 days' trial, state color of upholstery and premium desired, and give full shipping directions.

QUAKER VALLEY MFG. CO., 355 W. Harrison St., CHICAGO.

Of course, having to pay their own expenses on the trip to the places of examination, the volunteers arrived gradually, but steadily. From April 22 to the present time, the boards have been kept busy in their task of selecting likely men to wear Uncle Sam's blue.

The Washington board, which examines the candidates for line positions, is composed of Rear-admiral E. O. Matthews (president), and Captains B. J. Cromwell and B. F. Day, besides whom there is a medical board, the duty of which is to ascertain the physical qualifications of the candidate.

It is this medical board that must

first be dealt with. Entering the room, the candidate is first measured as to height, weight, chest expansion and lung capacity. Then follow keen tests of eyesight, color blindness, heart action, etc. Any defect that would militate against efficiency in service is cause for prompt rejection.

Having passed the physical examination, the candidate presents himself before the professional board, who question him as to his previous service at sea, and other qualifications. Then follow written examinations in seamanship and navigation. The former embraces such subjects as the duties

# The Progress of the War

WILL BE CHRONICLED WEEK BY WEEK

IN

## COLLIER'S WEEKLY

By a Brilliant Staff of Artists, Correspondents and Photographers, including:

F. C. YOHN, with the Army.  
WALTER RUSSELL,  
with the Fleet.  
JAMES C. HARE,  
with Gomez.

W. NEPHEW KING,  
GILBERT GAUL,  
M. F. KLEPPER,

W. LOUIS SONNTAG, Jr.,  
L. A. SHAFER,  
GILSON WILLETS,

T. de THULSTRUP,  
W. R. LEIGH,  
E. M. ASHE.

And by Photographers stationed at the following points: PORTO RICO, CUBA (with the Red Cross Expedition), KEY WEST, TAMPA, MOBILE, CHICKAMAUGA, HEMPSTEAD, WASHINGTON, and HAMPTON ROADS.







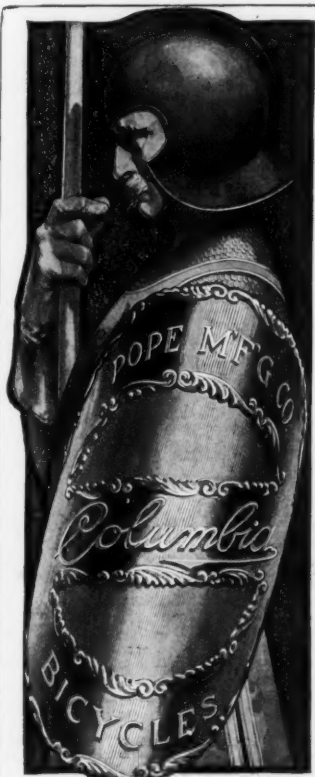
Please mention COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

**SEN-SEN**

**THROAT EASE**  
**BREATH PERFUME**

ALL DEALERS  
Sent on receipt of 5¢ in stamps  
SEN-SEN CO. ROCHESTER, N.Y.  
DEPT 63

Please mention COLLIER'S WEEKLY



**SHIELD YOUR SELF FROM IMITATIONS**  
Almost everything about COLUMBIAS is imitated except the material put in them.

Machines and Prices  
Guaranteed.

POPE MFG CO. HARTFORD, CONN.  
CATALOGUE free from any Columbia dealer, or by mail for one-cent stamp

**CORNS** removed quickly and permanently with Abbott's East India Corn Pain-Expeller; no pain, price 25 cts. All druggists' sole proprietors. Lippman Bros., Druggists, Lippman's Bldg., Savannah, Ga.

of the officer of the deck; quarter-deck seamanship; laws of storms; maneuvering in emergencies, and the like. The latter comprises the duties of the navigator; working out sights for latitude and longitude; compass errors and their corrections; care and uses of chronometers, etc.

Examinations are also given in electricity and marine engineering, but these are optional, although carrying weight with them.

After the written examinations there is more verbal quizzing, mainly upon gunnery, ordnance, boat duties, etc.

In conclusion, the candidate is required to furnish at least three letters from persons of known standing, certifying as to his moral character.

If he has successfully passed all his examinations, the volunteer is then recommended by the board for appointment as an acting lieutenant, lieutenant of the junior grade, or ensign, according to the standard of merit he has reached. This recommendation is placed on file in the Bureau of Navigation, and, as soon as his services are needed, his appointment is issued and he receives his orders.

The preference is given to graduates of Annapolis, then to non-graduates, and then to merchant service officers and other seafaring men.

### AN ODD FESTIVE CUSTOM

**A**MONG the many curious customs of the Alaskan natives, the Potlatch is one of the oddest. When one sees a Siwash or Klutchman—that is, man or woman—arrayed in a multi-colored blanket, one knows that they have been entertained at many of these functions known as Potlatches.

It is the ambition of every Siwash to give a Potlatch, and the savings of a lifetime will be given away with princely generosity on one of these occasions.

The guests are bidden, and a feast is prepared of smoked fish and soap weed, which latter, whipped into a pink lathery substance, is considered a delicacy, but is most nauseous to the civilized taste. Hoochinoo, the native liquor, is also bountifully provided, and the guests come, many in weird dancing costumes and masks, and the solemn merry-making begins; for the Alaskan Indians are a sober-minded race, rarely smiling and almost never laughing. The dances consist chiefly in a supposed imitation of some sea or land animal, and are always accompanied by peculiar droning noises, which can scarcely be described, but resemble at their best a high-church chant, and at their worst the smothered cry of some wounded creature.

The host with great ceremony tears into strips the richly colored and expensive blankets, which he has bought from the trader for the purpose of bestowing upon his guests, each of whom, when the feast is over, goes away laden with at least one strip, and, if the Potlatch has been a very munificent one, often with as many as a dozen. The Klutchmen sew these collections of strips together, usually concealing their stitches with rows and rows of white pearl buttons, which

add to the truly barbaric beauty of the finished garment.

Though the host impoverishes himself by this extravagant generosity, he takes no thought for the morrow, because his reputation has been established, and he can now depend upon the tribe to see that he never comes to want.

The word Potlatch, through the use of the whites, has come to mean any gift, but a native means one of these grand giving-away feasts, when he refers to a Potlatch, for so important are these affairs that the more ostentatious ones are used as periods from which to date.

Not long ago there was a peace Potlatch given in the Indian village at Sitka. It was in celebration of the new-born friendship of the two chiefs there, between whom there had existed an enmity ever since the era of the Russian transfer. At the time of the Indian outbreak in the late seventies, this feud between the two tribes is thought by many, who passed through that dreary time of want and danger, to have been the salvation of the little population of whites whose lives were threatened by Katlian and his followers. Katlian's father had been the leading spirit in a terrible massacre of Russians, and he was ambitious to keep up the family reputation. Annahootz, the rival chief, had been befriended in some way by his white neighbors; so, partly in gratitude and partly for the pleasure of opposing his enemy, he refused to assist in the threatened attack, and, moreover, promised to do much harm to Katlian.

Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for your children while cutting teeth. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

I WILL have for sale on my farm near Hempstead, L. I., after April 25th one or two car loads of thoroughly trained and select Polo Ponies.

P. JONES.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I.

PLEASE TRY

**Cascarets**

CANDY CATHARTIC

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10¢, 25¢, 50¢, DRUGGISTS.

### Thousands upon Thousands

fell victims to the ravages of the recent plague, famine and earthquake in India. As a result there are now over twenty thousand orphans. The various missionaries are greatly in need of funds to support them, so we have published a new book, entitled

### INDIA, the Horror-Stricken Empire

and have obligated ourselves to donate a liberal share of our profits on the same to the India relief fund. This book gives an accurate and authentic description of the great calamity, also the measures taken to bring relief, and is embellished with over 100 half-tone illustrations from actual photographs.

### There is No Other Book Like It

The proprietor of one of the largest religious papers in the country realized the value of this book and asked for a number of ages in it to advertise his medium. The object of this book is not to promote selfish interests but to give to the public a correct report and create a relief fund. It is having an enormous sale. **WE WANT AGENTS EVERYWHERE.** Every purchaser becomes a contributor. Will you help us to increase our donation by increasing the sales of this book? Prospectus is now ready. Write at once for our **Liberal Terms to Agents.**

**Mennonite Publishing Co., Elkhart, Ind.**

and his people should they persist in their fiendish plan of attacking the little party of unprotected Americans then at Sitka, for this was after the soldiers had been withdrawn and before the man-of-war had been stationed in Sitka's beautiful harbor.

Now after so many years, through the kindly efforts of the people in charge of the Indian Mission School, peace has been brought about and friendship established where so long has been rivalry and hatred.

### 60c. GOLD SHIRT SET, 15c.

Our 1898 Introduction Offer.

A complete shirt set for either lady or gentleman, all of the finest silk rolled goldplate which cannot be bought in any store in the U. S. for less than 60c., comprising latest style dumb-bell cuff-buttons, fancy Jura Diamond Set front collar button, pointer tie retaining back button, 2 sleeve buttons, all with Tye Pearl backs and patent levers, also nickel tie clasp. We guarantee value as stated, complete satisfaction and a year's wear or money refunded. Sent postpaid as a sample of our 500,000 bargains with catalogue for only 15c. per set; 5 for 50c. \$1.50 Doz.

B. L. TIGHE & SONS, 55 Cortlandt St. Dept. No. 58 N. Y.

**SEND TEN CENTS** for 25 pages of the revised vocal and instrumental music ever published; (pages full sheet music size) including the *Clarinet* and *Tone Portraits* of the most beautiful actresses. Elegant paper 75 pages and 12 portraits. Sent by mail to **Musical Echo Co., Savannah, Ga.**

### COLFER,

EDITED BY JAMES SHIELDS MURPHY.

The game of golf is played on a large tract of land, and is a game that men, women and children can play. It is now played by the wealthiest and also by the middle classes. From a pecuniary point of view it is the best game now in America. It assists the sale of land, and puts value on land practically valueless. It is a good game for athletic young men, for outside of the recreation, in the event that they may care to take up the sport as professionals, the remuneration is very good. A golf professional averages over \$100 a month and found. This game is certainly worth the investigation of every one, and all can keep posted by subscribing to

### THE GOLFER,

which is one dollar a year. The Golfer is now in its fourth year, and is published monthly with illustrations. Address,

**THE GOLFER,**  
Boston, Mass.





WEGGIE—"They tell me you served on the jury. How in the world did you manage it? How did you know what to do?"

BERTIE—"Didn't have to worry at all, old man; blawsted nice chap there told me exactly what to do and gave me a fiver for doing it."



### THE WAR IN CUBA.

#### AN EXCITING BATTLE GAME FOR BOYS.

Comes with PISTOLS and WOODEN AMMUNITION for the purpose of knocking over the SPANISH or CUBAN SOLDIERS, who form the contesting armies in the game. It is absorbing, exciting fun. It is one of the handsomest and best of THE PARKER GAMES. Sent, by express prepaid, to any address, on receipt of \$1.50.

PARKER BROTHERS,  
100 Bridge Street,  
SALEM, MASS.



Are you working for us AT HOME, thousands of may secure splendid pay promptly, and be quickly able to point with pride to a big success. Why should you longer submit to hard experiences in life when you are so well fitted to earn large amounts by doing work for the great Crayon Department of our business? Does \$100 a month for 5 or 10 years mean something to you?

Our work requires no previous training, and if you follow our directions success is certain. You can spend as much or as little time at it as you find convenient, though, of course, the more time you devote to it, the more profit you make. This is a golden opportunity, and if you wish to grasp it write to us at once for free information of what may be the one great chance of your lifetime.

Address: G. L. PEARSON, 6 & 8 FULTON ST., ALBANY, N. Y.  
Established in Albany 15 years.

#### MEN AND WOMEN

### VILLA MARIA ACADEMY,

139 E. 79th Street, corner Lexington Avenue.

NEW YORK CITY.

This institution, under the direction of the Nuns of the Congregation de Notre Dame (Montre.), is a select and limited school for young ladies desirous of pursuing any branch of higher education. A special inducement is here offered to those who would acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the French language. Drawing, Painting, Vocal Music, Type-writing and Stenography taught by Professors holding Testimonials of superior ability from many of the American Clergy. There is also an Elementary Course. A few young lady boarders can be accommodated in the Convent. Reopens September 8. For terms and particulars apply to

References required.

THE LADY SUPERIOR.



The DAINTIEST, JAUNTIEST, most stylish little wheel of the year is the No. 26.

## Rambler

BICYCLE

PRICE—\$60

Well-informed wheel buyers will appreciate in the Rambler its NAME—QUALITY—PRICE representing 19 years' study.

RAMBLER AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

Unique Baked Free.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.,  
Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York,  
Brooklyn, Detroit, Cincinnati, Buffalo,  
Cleveland, London.



#### EARN A BICYCLE!

GOLD RING, WATCH or TEA SET by selling a few boxes of our goods to your friends. Everybody needs and will buy them. No money required in advance. Write today for particulars. R. H. CONWAY, 52 Dearborn St., B. 70, Chicago.



## The Remington

Standard Typewriter's  
New Models

draw old friends closer and attract new ones, by the power of inherent merit and unfailing service.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT  
327 Broadway, New York

## DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."

DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 50c. 50c.  
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Merling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 511

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

HEAR  
YOUR  
OWN  
VOICE



The Graphophone is a mirror for the voice. Its marvelous power of reproducing anything audible makes it the most fascinating and most versatile entertainer that invention ever produced. It is simple in construction and easy to operate. It makes records of spoken words, music, or any sound at once, and these records can be reproduced immediately and any number of times, or preserved for reproduction in the future. It reproduces the standard records of band and orchestral, vocal and instrumental music, and of recitations and funny sayings of comedians. Its reproductions are clear-toned and brilliant.

The Graphophone is superior to other talking machines, because one can make his own records on it and reproduce them at once. Its performances are not confined to the reproduction of records made in a laboratory.

Our Establishment is Manufacturing Headquarters for the World

Graphophones are sold for \$10 and up

Write for Catalogue No. 1

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, Dept. 1,

145 Broadway,  
1157 Broadway,

NEW YORK CITY



carried over from 1891 must be sacrificed now. New High grade, all styles, best equipment, guaranteed. \$9.75 to \$17.00. Used wheels, late models, all makes, \$3 to \$12. We ship on approval without a cent payment. Write for bargain list and art catalogue. 98 models. BICYCLE FREE for season to advertise them. Send for one. Rider agents wanted. Learn how to Earn a Bicycle and make money.

MEAD CYCLE CO., 192 Ave. S., Chicago, Ill.

RUBBER GOODS For Men, Women and Children. Address, The N. C. & Rubber Mfg. Co., 140 Horn St., TOLEDO, OHIO. Catalogue Free.



#### TRY IT FREE

for 30 days in your own home and save \$10 to \$25. No money in advance. \$50 Remington Machine for \$12.00 \$50 Arlington Machine for \$19.50 \$50 Remington Machine for \$21.50 \$50 Remington Machine for \$21.50 and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address (in full), CASH BUYERS' UNION, 168-164 West Van Buren St., B. 47 Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN Make \$5 to \$10 a Day selling our Wash-Intash Dress Skirts, new dress shields, etc. Cat. Free. Ladies' Supply Co., 811 Forest Ave., Chicago